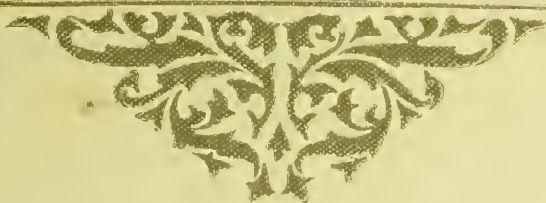


OLD HOMES OF
NEW AMERICA



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Old Homes of New Americans



TWO COUNTRY FOLK FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF
RAGUSA, DALMATIA

OLD HOMES OF NEW AMERICANS

The Country and the People of the
Austro-Hungarian Monarchy
and Their Contribution
to the New World

BY

FRANCIS E. CLARK

*Author of "The Continent of Opportunity," "A New
Way round an Old World," "Christian
Endeavor in All Lands," etc., etc.*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
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Published February 1913

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

WHILE much of this book is the result of personal observation and study of the people in the countries herein described, I desire to render especial acknowledgments : —

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F. E. C.

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INTRODUCTION

WHY THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN

My object in this book is to set before the reader the characteristics of two connected countries that compose the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, from which a great stream of emigrants is pouring into America every year.

I have long been impressed with the crass ignorance that many people exhibit concerning the neighbors who jostle them on every side. Not only do they not distinguish between Slavs and Magyars, or between Bohemians and Poles (this might be excusable, since they are ruled by the same emperor, though the difference is fundamental), but people that come from entirely different points of the European compass are surprisingly mixed, and all are often embraced under the one contemptuous title, "Dago." The noble history, the patriotic struggles,

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the famous literature, the great statesmen, poets, and artists of the countries from which these new Americans come are unknown or forgotten, and the organ-grinder of the Bowery is considered the typical descendant of the ancient Roman.

The magnificent modern cities from which some of these emigrants hail, like Budapest and St. Petersburg, the interesting and picturesque mediæval towns, with their wealth of history, like Cracow, Lwow, or Czernowitz, the comfortable cottages and cultivated fields, the rugged mountains and peaceful valleys they have left to seek larger opportunities in America, are seldom considered; and we are too apt to think of them only in the squalid East Side tenement, or in the prairie shack, where they are getting their first start in America.

This ignorance would not so much matter did it not breed not only indifference, but often downright contempt, brutality, and class hatred. A story told in a popular magazine illustrates this hideous unconcern. Speaking of a great railway tunnel, recently

Why this Book was Written

completed, the writer reports a conversation he had with an assistant contractor.

“To think,” I exclaimed, “that not a man was killed!”

“Who told you that?” asked the young assistant.

“Why, it’s here in this report sent to the newspapers by your press-agent. He makes a point of it.”

The young assistant smiled. “Well, yes, I guess that’s right,” he replied. “There was n’t any one killed except just wops.”

“Except what?”

“Wops. Don’t you know what ‘wops’ are? Dagos, niggers, and Hungarians — the fellows that did the work. They don’t know anything, and they don’t count.”

We need not imagine that there is everywhere such calloused brutality as this, but it is certain that there is abundant indifference and carelessness concerning our fellow citizens, which must be replaced by sympathy and active interest if America is to become the great, homogeneous nation, the land of the free and the home of the brave from every quarter of the globe, for which we all hope and pray.

This sympathy and interest can be awak-

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ened only by a greater knowledge of our new neighbors, of their old homes, of the lands they call "Fatherland," of the history, characteristics, and present condition of these countries. As a contribution, however slight, to this knowledge, this book, the outcome of thousands of miles of travel in the lands of which it treats, and of much reading of ancient history and present-day literature, is given to the public.

Never did a country have such problems of immigration to face as ours. Never was the fate of any land so interwoven with the fate of other lands, and with the men and women these lands send to our shores.

There is a common impression in many quarters that most of the crimes and misdemeanors for which America is held up to the execration of the world by foreign critics are committed by newly arrived immigrants from the slums of Europe. A political writer has recently averred that "the flood-gates of Europe are opened and a million of her criminals and paupers are every year dumped upon our shores." Nothing could be further

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from the truth, and the facts quoted a little later in this Introduction from the latest report of the Commissioner of Immigration will show how baseless these charges are.

If this charge of lawlessness and crime can be laid against any one class of our citizens, it is not of the *first* generation of foreigners, by any means. To be sure, "foreign names are common on the blotters of our station-houses," says District-Attorney Whitman, who has so bravely ferreted out the connection of the criminals with the police of New York City, "but a large proportion of the sins which will be found charged to them are due not to malice or depravity, but to ignorance of our laws. The push-cart peddler who, finding his trade brisk, lingers too long by a certain curb, is not necessarily criminal at heart, although he may be haled before a magistrate for this offense. The washtub or the flower-pot or the mattress which obstructs a fire-escape is not usually an evidence of desperately criminal intent upon the part of the person who so placed it. The man who violates traffic ordinances

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because he does not know what they are is not a candidate for Sing Sing. Thus, in figuring up our morals, statistics of arrests must be utilized with utmost care. Even statistics of police-court convictions are reasonably sure to be misleading as a standard from which to judge our righteousness or sinfulness."

I have striven to write in a sympathetic but not eulogistic mood of two of these countries. I have not shut my eyes to their defects, but I have at least endeavored not to exaggerate them. Chiefly, however, my effort has been neither to praise nor to blame, but to describe the people and their native lands as they look to a traveler to-day and to a student of their history, that I may fulfill my purpose of making my readers better acquainted with the old homes of the new Americans who crowd them on the street or live around the next corner. The country with which this book deals is the most complex in Europe: the Empire of Austria-Hungary. From this dual monarchy come Magyars, Germans, Jews, and Slavs. The Slavs alone are divided into Bohemians and Moravians,

Why this Book was Written

Croatians, Slovaks, Slovenians, Serbs, Poles, and Ruthenians. From this land of many races and many languages comes an ever-increasing host of emigrants, — enough sometimes in a single year to populate a city larger than Denver, Colorado, or Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Report of the Commissioner of Immigration gives us many interesting facts, if we can but pick them out from his complicated statistics, concerning the numbers of these different races who seek our shores. The very latest Census Report shows us that in the year ending June, 1912, more than 85,000 immigrant aliens were admitted to the United States from Austria, and over 93,000 from Hungary, a total of 178,882. In 1911 the arrivals from Austria were about the same in number, while Hungary sent some 15,000 fewer people. In 1910 a grand total of over 260,000 people reached America from the Dual Monarchy, a larger number than from any other country that sends its people to the United States, though in the two succeeding years Italy outnumbered Austria-Hungary in the number of its emi-

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grants. These solid facts, for which the Commissioner-General of Immigration vouches, are enough to make the countries from which this great living tide flows of supreme interest.

We find also that in the year ending June, 1912, this swelling tide of new Americans was composed of nearly 27,000 Croatians and Slovenians, almost exactly the same number of Magyars, the true Hungarians (singularly enough a difference of only four, among all the thousands, and this difference in favor of the Magyars), a few more Slovaks, to the number of 27,342, more than 91,000 Poles (probably more than half of them from the Austro-Hungarian Empire), almost 27,000 Ruthenians, some 21,000 Germans, nearly 10,000 Bohemians and Moravians, while about 4000 Dalmatians, Bosnians, and Herzegovinians made up the quota from Austria-Hungary.

The year from which these statistics were gathered was also the year of great emigration as well as of immigration. More than half a million foreigners returned from America to their old homes. Among these were nearly

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26,000 Magyars, leaving a net Magyar gain for America in that year of only 953. The influence of these returning emigrants can hardly be overestimated. They carry back to their old homes new ideas, new aspirations, new methods of work, new ideals, while doubtless some of their old ideals have been shattered, for the reflex influence of America upon the old homes of the races who are seeking her shores is not by any means all good.

When we consider the other races of Austria-Hungary beside the Magyars, we find that 8000 more Croatians and Slavonians came to America than went back to their old homes; 10,000 more Slovaks, and nearly 50,000 more Poles. Between all these countries and America the shuttle is constantly flying back and forth, and each nation acts and reacts upon the other, for good or ill.

That these peoples are by no means the least desirable of our immigrants is proved on another page of the Commissioner's Report, where we read that of the nearly 27,000 Magyars who embarked for the United States

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in the year ending June, 1912, only 225 were debarred from entering, a much smaller proportion than of the Southern Italians, the Greeks, the Mexicans, the English, or the Irish. Of the more than 27,000 Slovaks who attempted to enter America, only 249 were debarred; and of the nearly 27,000 Ruthenians, only 391 were not allowed to land. When we consider the Bohemians and the Moravians, the showing is still better; for of the 9087 who sought our shores in the twelve-month ending with June, 1912, only 38 were sent back to their old homes for any of the many causes which prevent an immigrant from landing at Ellis Island.

When it is remembered that the laws are far more strictly enforced than formerly, and that idiots and feeble-minded, the insane, epileptic, tubercular, and those with contagious diseases, vagrants, paupers, contract laborers, assisted aliens, polygamists, anarchists, and many other classes are excluded at Ellis Island, the general physical and moral health of these people, so far as it can be learned by the Bureau of Immigration and

Why this Book was Written

Naturalization, is seen to be of a comparatively high order ; and few come with a better bill of health than those who hail from Austria-Hungary.

Yet in spite of the vast numbers and the high average of the peoples who come from the Dual Monarchy, there is, as I have intimated, no country less understood or about which it is harder to get accurate and reliable information. This is partly due to the fact of its complexity; that it is a country made up of many countries. If I can in any degree unravel this tangle for my fellow countrymen who read this book, if I can in any measure make them better acquainted with the Magyars and the Slavs, more appreciative of their national genius and their generous qualities, more lenient to their faults, more glad to welcome them to our shores, my object in writing this book will be accomplished.

Finally, let me commend to the perusal of every American, who is inclined to think or speak slightingly of the men from many lands who seek a new and larger oppor-

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tunity in our Republic, the verses that follow.

The poem by Robert Haven Schauffler I regard as one of the noblest ever penned by an American. Few greater appeals for the broadest fellowship and sympathy have ever been written. It should be memorized in our schools, and it should be known by every lover of mankind, as well as by every true patriot.

“SCUM O’ THE EARTH”

I

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them “scum o’ the earth”;

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates’ land? —
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong
Fresh from the master Praxiteles’ hand?
So you ’re of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band —
Deathless in story and song —
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ’s pass? . . .
Ah, I forget the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,

Why this Book was Written

That have doomed you to march in our "immigrant
class"

Where you're nothing but "scum o' the earth."

II

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvořak took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavic way;
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While, watching these folk and their mystery,
I forget that they're nothing worth;
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,
And men of all Slavic nations
Are "polacks" — and "scum o' the earth."

III

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
Astare at Manhattan's pinnacles now
In the first, sweet shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes

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I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the Santa Maria's prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well ;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell ;
Angelo brought us there to dwell ;
And you, are you of a different birth?—
You're only a "dago," — and "scum o' the earth" !

IV

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you "scum o' the earth,"
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong, —
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have not I known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits, erelong,
Who should carry the lambs on his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?

Why this Book was Written

Man— lift that sorrow-bowed head.
Lo ! 't is the face of the Christ !

The vision dies at its birth.
You 're merely a butt for our mirth.
You 're a " sheeny " — and therefore despised
And rejected as " scum o' the earth."

V

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
" Rabble and refuse," we name them
And " scum o' the earth," to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,
Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies ;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss ;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the Eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.

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Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation, strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

The following poem by Bishop McIntyre scores a common American fault, and should be taken to heart by every one who thoughtlessly or willfully brands and belittles one of his fellow countrymen with one of the opprobrious names which is so often upon the lips of many:—

Dago and Sheeny and Chink,
Greaser and Nigger and Jap.
The Devil invented these terms, I think,
To hurl at each hopeful chap
Who comes so far o'er the foam
To this land of his heart's desire,
To rear his brood, to build his home,
And to kindle his hearthstone fire.
While the eyes with joy are blurred,
Lo! we make the strong man shrink
And stab the soul with the hateful word—
Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink.

Dago and Sheeny and Chink,
These are the vipers that swarm
Up from the edge of Perdition's brink
To hurt, and dishearten, and harm.

Why this Book was Written

O shame ! when their Roman forbears walked
Where the first of the Cæsars trod.

O shame ! when their Hebrew fathers talked
With Moses and he with God.

These swarthy sons of Japhet and Shem

Gave the goblet of Life's sweet drink

To the thirsty world, which now gives them
Dago, and Sheeny, and Chink.

Dago and Sheeny and Chink,

Greaser and Nigger and Jap.

From none of them doth Jehovah shrink,

He lifteth them all to His lap ;

And the Christ, in His kingly grace,

When their sad, low sob He hears,

Puts His tender embrace around our race

As He kisses away its tears,

Saying, " O least of these, I link

Thee to Me for whatever may hap" ;

Dago and Sheeny and Chink,

Greaser and Nigger and Jap.

OLD HOMES OF NEW AMERICANS

I

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN MONARCHY AS A WHOLE — A PRELIMINARY STATEMENT

The Complicated Relations of the Hapsburg Monarchy — The Many Titles of Francis Joseph I — The Relation of Hungary to Austria — The Dual Monarchy largely Slavic and Magyar — The Ost-Mark of the Frankish Empire — The Claim of Bohemia — The Racial Aspirations of Croats, Poles, Ruthenians, and Slavonians — The Conservatism of the Hapsburg Family — Its View of the Reformation and of Modern Progress — The Universities and Schools of Austria — Why Americans should be interested in the Races of Austria-Hungary.

IT is not easy for the uninitiated to understand the complicated relations of the Hapsburg Dynasty which rules over the destinies of Austria-Hungary. There is really no Empire of Austria, though there is an Austrian Emperor; for the Austrian nation is made up of many provinces, each of which has a distinct history, and each of which retains, to a certain extent at least, its own in-

Old Homes of New Americans

dividuality. Thus Emperor Francis Joseph I is the King of Bohemia, Galicia, and Dalmatia; the Margrave of Moravia and Istria; the Archduke of Upper Austria and Lower Austria; the Duke of Salzburg, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, Silesia, and the Bukowina; and the Prince of the Tyrol. Hungary, as we shall see in other chapters, is not a part of Austria, nor a province of Austria-Hungary, but a distinct and separate kingdom, in many matters as separate from Austria as England is from France, but recognizing the authority of the same reigning house.

In both Austria and Hungary the hereditary ruler, according to the law of the lands, must come from the Hapsburg-Lorraine Dynasty, and the law also provides that the monarch must belong to the Roman Catholic Church. Thus the Emperor of Austria is the Apostolic King of Hungary, and, to speak correctly, we must say that he is the ruler of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. A Hungarian will be very quick to tell us, if we make a slip in these particulars, that there is no such thing as the "Austro-Hungarian



HUNGARIAN HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy

Empire”; that Hungary is not a part of any empire, that it is a kingdom by itself; and that for good and sufficient reasons it is united with Austria in its foreign relations, in its military and naval affairs so far as they are connected with common defense, and in finance so far as it relates to affairs that the two nations have in common. The relation between these two countries is not nearly so close and intimate as that of the several states of our Union; and at any time when the conditions of union do not suit the Hungarian people, they will doubtless feel at liberty to sever the tenuous bonds which now unite them to Austria, and to set up for themselves in all internal and external relations. In ordinary speech the “Austrian Empire” or the “Austro-Hungarian Empire” is frequently alluded to, but it will be understood that if one speaks with the utmost accuracy, he must remember the vital distinctions here recorded, difficult as they are for a foreigner always to bear in mind.

Since 1866, when Austria cut the cables which had hitherto bound her more or less

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to western Europe, as the result of the war in which she was so ingloriously defeated, she has looked to her provinces in the East and to the Kingdom of Hungary as the source of her strength and power. Thus it happens that though the ruling family is of German descent and many of the nobles and high officials confess their Teutonic origin, the monarchy is largely composed of Slavic and Magyar peoples, with a comparatively small element of Germans.

In succeeding chapters we shall see how the kingdoms and the provinces which make up the Austro-Hungarian monarchy have formed the outposts of Western civilization. "Austria," it is said, "began its career as the Ost-Mark of the Frankish Empire. It was an outpost against the pagan and savage hordes outside the pale of Teutonic and Catholic Europe. As a duchy, it was given to a Teutonic family, the Babenbergs, who were succeeded by the Hapsburgs, and by the energy and capability of the latter family it became the centre of a collection of hereditary possessions as large as many kingdoms."

The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy

Though the different Slavic races of Austria are restive under Austrian rule, and are yearning for complete independence, they have not, like the Magyars, been able to obtain it. The Bohemians claim to belong to a separate kingdom, but the Emperor has never acknowledged that claim or been willing to be crowned at Prague. The Croats, the Poles, the Ruthenians, the Slavonians, all have racial aspirations which, if they were allowed to indulge fully, would make of them separate principalities as independent as Hungary is to-day. But while Austria gives them many privileges, and recognizes in many ways their racial distinctions, she has not yet been compelled to allow them any great measure of independence, though in many ways she is a less harsh stepmother than Russia or Germany. What will happen when a new emperor comes to the throne, as he inevitably must in the course of a few years, no one is wise enough to predict.

More than any other nation in Europe, with the exception of Russia, the Hapsburg family has been able to maintain a conserva-

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tive and reactionary attitude. Every concession to the spirit of modern progress has been grudgingly made; every recognition of the racial integrity of the provinces has been wrung from the monarch by fear of worse things that might happen if he did not grant a certain measure of autonomy. The Reformation was an abomination to the Hapsburgs of old, and no less an abomination to the venerable ruler who occupies the throne to-day. The Jesuits were supreme for centuries in Austrian politics and social life, and their influence is still felt in every reactionary edict. The aristocracy of the Austrian capital is, as might be expected after these centuries of conservatism, proud and exclusive. The best thing that can be said of it is that the millionaire has very little chance to get within its sacred precincts because of his gold. Its characteristics are not luxuriousness or ostentation, but it looks down upon trade and commerce, and its intellectual life has been stunted by exclusiveness and remoteness from the common affairs of life.

The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy

The universities of Austria have no world-wide fame, except the medical faculty of Vienna; and in literary and artistic lines the Austrian has not greatly influenced the world. The musicians, to be sure, who have made Austria their home — Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert — are world-renowned, though we are told that “Beethoven, in his lifetime, was little appreciated in Vienna, and the poverty to which he was left in the imperial city was relieved by the London Philharmonic Society.”

In many parts of Austria the common schools are numerous, and the elementary education that is given is thorough, so far as it goes; but there is a great difference in the different provinces, and the Poles have long complained of the poor opportunities offered their children to obtain a decent education. So that, taking the country over, we read that “at the beginning of this century, out of twenty-six millions of people more than a third could neither read nor write.”

In considering the many races within the boundaries of Austria, the Jews are always

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to be reckoned with. As in so many other countries, they are here the bankers and the financiers. The Stock Exchange, both at Vienna and at Budapest, is said to be entirely controlled by the Jewish element. In smaller places the Jews, because they have been crowded out of many professions and trades, have become the money-lenders and the usurers, the saloon-keepers and the pawnbrokers; and gradually, through the improvidence of the people, especially the Slavs, have become the landowners and, it must be admitted, often the tyrants and the Shylocks of the land. It can easily be seen how racial animosities have thus been fostered, and how through denial of rights on the one side, and shrewd and often unscrupulous dealings on the other, the hatred thus engendered has resulted sometimes in massacres and wholesale emigration to other lands.

It is not within the province of this book to discuss at length the politics of the nation, its religious life, its army and navy, its finances, or its foreign relations; since my object is to describe the people as I have

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seen them, to tell something of their history and social customs as related to their present development, especially the history and customs of the classes and races who are emigrating to America by the hundred thousand, and who will form an element in the America of the coming centuries. For this reason I need say little about the German Austrians, or their beautiful capital of Vienna, for as compared with the great masses of Slavs and Magyars they do not come in great numbers to our shores, and those that do come are scarcely distinguishable from other German emigrants. But the other races of Austria-Hungary, speaking a dozen languages and dialects, who look to Vienna and Budapest as their capitals, are of supreme interest and importance to us of America, as we think of the new life-blood which is constantly infused into our veins from the lands of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

II

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF BOHEMIA AND MORAVIA

Why the History of Bohemia is interesting, especially to Americans — One Bohemian in Fifteen lives in America — The "Incomparable Moravian," Comenius — Characteristics of Czechs in America — The Prowess of Blind King John — John Huss, the Patriot Reformer — His Trial and Martyrdom — The Sixth of July — John Ziska, the Great General of his Army of Farmers — Prokop the Great and his Ironclad Wagons — The Fatal Battle of the White Mountain — The Massacre of the Twenty-seven Nobles — The Decline of Bohemian Liberty — Bohemia under Francis Joseph — Why Bohemians come to America.

THE map of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy during the last seven hundred years has changed its shape with almost every century, and frequently many times in a century. Sometimes this map has taken in a large part of Italy. Sometimes it has annexed Germany, or Germany has annexed the Hapsburg Empire with a Hapsburg Emperor. At one time, in the sixteenth century, a Hapsburg ruled the greater part of Europe, except Russia, France, and England. Not only Germany and Austria, but Italy, Sicily,

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Spain, Holland, and Belgium were within the boundaries of the empire of Charles the Fifth. The Hapsburg Dynasty, which originated in a certain small district within the present borders of Switzerland, gradually by conquest and diplomacy spread eastward and afterwards westward. Austria, however, has for centuries been its centre and most beloved home, and the Hapsburgs, whether losing or gaining outlying possessions, have made Vienna their capital, and ever sought chiefly the glory and aggrandizement of Austria. Sometimes Hungary has been independent, sometimes in alliance, and again, as now, part of the Dual Monarchy as an independent kingdom. Bohemia has had her periods of independence. Poland was for a few years the dominant power of Europe, and free from Austrian and Prussian control; but Austria has always been true to the Hapsburgs, the oldest and, with the exception of Russia, the most conservative and reactionary dynasty in Europe.

It is simply with the present Dual Monarchy, the old home of millions of new

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Americans, that this book has to do. To-day we find that Austria-Hungary embraces two great kingdoms: Hungary, a comparatively compact, homogeneous country in the centre, practically independent of her partner in all internal affairs, and Austria surrounding her neighbor Hungary on all sides but the south-east. The Austrian part of the monarchy is by no means so homogeneous. Hungary is the kernel, Austria is the surrounding shell; or, if this comparison seems invidious (it is not meant in this sense, but only as a descriptive simile), let us say that the Hungarian centre is surrounded on almost every side by the Austrian outposts of empire. In these outposts are peoples of many races and many languages, — millions of Germans, more millions of Slavs, other millions of Jews, while the Slavs are of half a dozen varieties, speaking as many different languages or dialects. Concerning the leading section of these races we must learn something of their history, their home life, their capabilities, their aspirations, in order to understand more intimately and sympathetically our new fellow citizens.

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There is no better place to begin than with the northwest corner of the Dual Empire, where Bohemia juts out, with its rounded contour, into Germany. Bohemia is interesting to every reader, because of its thrilling history, replete with deeds of patriotic courage, and because of its sturdy, industrious, progressive people, who, against terrific odds, are again reviving the ancient glories of their race.

Bohemia is especially interesting to the American reader, since there are at least four hundred thousand men, women, and children of Bohemian parentage in America, of whom more than one half were born on Bohemian soil, and because this great army is reinforced by an average of more than ten thousand new recruits every year. Think of a city the size of Milwaukee or of New Orleans, where every man, woman, and child was of Bohemian birth, and we can realize the contribution which this noble nation has made to our Republic. One Bohemian out of fifteen in all the world lives in America to-day, and every year America is making

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larger inroads on the population of Czech countries. In this enumeration I count the Moravians with the Bohemians, because they speak practically the same language (all are Czechs), because their history is interwoven one with another from the earliest days, and because they are not distinguished in the Census Reports of the United States.

If the Bohemians and Moravians, as citizens of the United States, are weighed as well as numbered, they will not be found wanting. One of the earliest would-be emigrants to America was the noted scholar and religious leader, Comenius, who, next to Zinzendorf, is held in highest honor by the noble, self-sacrificing denomination of Christians called Moravians. He was invited to become president of Harvard College. Of him Cotton Mather writes in his "Ecclesiastical History of New England": "That brave old man Johannes Amos Comenius, the fame of whose worth has been trumpeted as far as more than three languages could carry it, was agreed withal by our Mr. Winthrop in his travels through the Low Coun-

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tries to come into New England and illuminate this college and country in the quality of President. But the solicitation of the Swedish ambassador directing him another way, that Incomparable Moravian became not an American."

Though this "Incomparable Moravian" did not become an American, many of his fellow countrymen and co-religionists did come as early as 1736. They were driven out of Bohemia by the savage persecutions that followed the Hussite movement, which were more prolonged, cruel, and bloodthirsty than the persecutions that drove the Huguenots from France. From Bohemia these "Brethren" took refuge in Moravia, where they became known as "Moravian Brethren." Driven from Moravia by the same bloody persecution, they found a home in Saxony, under Count Zinzendorf's patronage. Some of them followed the Count to Georgia, where he had a grant of land and where John Wesley dedicated their church. A few years later, in 1741, we find some of them settling in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, which

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is to-day the chief centre of the Moravian Brethren of the United States. Here is the archive house of the denomination, which contains invaluable records of these early settlers, who would risk any peril, endure any privation, conquer any wilderness, do anything, indeed, but fight their neighbors. There are many Moravian churches in the United States, and next to Bethlehem, Winston-Salem, in North Carolina, is the chief centre of their schools and publications. No nobler denomination of Christians exists in the world to-day. Their missionary zeal is proverbial. They seek out the hardest and most forbidding fields for their labors, where no one else will go: the fever-haunted jungles of Guiana, the inhospitable shores of Greenland, the leper settlements of many coasts. No field is too hopeless for these heroic Christians, who have added their saving salt to the great unleavened American lump.

Not until 1850, however, did the tide of American immigration set in from Bohemia, and this was due to economic causes rather

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than to religious persecution. But these emigrants have largely been of a superior class, intellectually and from the industrial standpoint. Ninety-seven per cent of them can read and write. Of late years, since manufactures have been encouraged by the Bohemians at home, many of the emigrants are skilled workmen, though in the early days, when they went chiefly to Wisconsin, they were largely agriculturists. In some towns of that state they still form a very large minority of the population. Chicago numbers a hundred thousand Bohemians among its cosmopolitan peoples, being surpassed in the whole world as a Czech city only by Prague and Pilsen. A certain religious isolation, owing to the persecutions and repressions in the home country, is characteristic of them in America, and unfortunately Freethinkers' societies have obtained a strong hold on the Bohemian emigrants, many being professed infidels and Socialists of the ultra, non-Christian sort.

Dr. Grose in his valuable book, "Aliens or Americans," well characterizes the Czechs

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in America: "They are a home people, social and fond of organizations of every kind. Music is their passion, and their clubs, mutual benefit and loan associations, successfully run, show large capacity for management. Their freethinking is not all of it by any means of the dogmatic sort, which has its catechism of atheism. There is another class represented by an old woman with a broad brow, over which the silvery hair is smoothly parted, who said to the missionary: 'I have my God in my heart. I shall deal with him. I do not want any priest to step in between us.'"

The intellectual activity of the Bohemians in America is indicated by the fact that no less than seventy Czech papers are printed in the United States, and that the revival of the beloved language has developed many distinctive Bohemian scholars in the new world as well as in the old.

Let us turn from the Bohemians in America to the Bohemians at home, that we may know the fountain from which this great living stream flows to the new world. The

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country of the Czechs is about the size of the states of New Hampshire and Vermont combined, and contains nearly ten times as many people as those two states, or about as many as the State of Pennsylvania, — something over six million. We find a climate not unlike southern New England, and a great variety of natural scenery, mountains and smaller hills, charming valleys, sparkling brooks, and a great central plain where the agricultural wealth of the country lies, while the manufactures and minerals are largely among the mountainous borders.

A romantic and heroic history is the proud heritage of every Bohemian and Moravian. It centres largely around certain great names, like the blind King John; John Huss, the reformer, to whom Protestantism owes more than to any man save Luther; John Ziska, and Prokop. As the history of the United States can be read in the biographies of Washington, Franklin, Webster, Lincoln, and Grant, so the story of the Golden Age of Bohemia is written in the lives of the three Johns, and of Prokop the Great.

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King John, the first of the nation's heroes, comes on the stage in the early part of the fourteenth century. He was by no means a model, either as father or king, but he had the redeeming trait of courage, which endeared him to his people and has caused him to live in song and story. Ten years before his death he became totally blind, but he still continued to lead his people in battle, and often to victory. A grim humor attaches to the story that during the siege of Cracow, the Polish King Casimir challenged him to single combat, agreeing that whoever won, to him should be accorded the victory for his country as well. King John replied that he would accept the challenge with pleasure, but on one condition,—that King Casimir should allow both of his eyes to be put out, so that they might fight on equal terms. Needless to say the siege went on.

In 1346 was fought the decisive battle of Crécy, reckoned as one of the fifteen most important battles in the world's history. Edward III, King of England, was waging war with Philip, King of France. The blind

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King John of Bohemia sided with his old ally of France, who had also the King of Germany for an ally. The battle went against the French, and his nobles informed King John of the fact, and advised him to follow the example of his allies and fly with them. "So will it God," answered the brave, blind king; "it shall not be said that a king of Bohemia flies from the battle-field." Count Lützwow tells us that King John then ordered two of his bravest knights to attach their horses to his, and to guide him to where the Black Prince, King Edward's son, stood. "He then gave the watchword, 'Prahá' (Prague), and the knights and nobles, following close behind their king, charged in the direction of the French army. Passing rapidly through the flying Frenchmen, they penetrated, wedged close together, into the thickest of the English ranks, and for a moment nearly reached the spot where the Black Prince stood; but they were beaten back by overwhelming numbers, King John fell from his horse, mortally wounded, and fifty of the chief nobles soon lay dead around their king. Hardly any

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of the Bohemians survived, and the flower of the Bohemian nobility perished on the battle-field of Crécy. "King Edward was a generous conqueror, for he caused the blind king to be brought into his own tent, where he died, while King Edward exclaimed, with tears on his bronzed cheeks: 'The crown of chivalry has fallen to-day; never was any one equal to this King of Bohemia!' King John's last words, we are told, for generations were the proud watchwords of patriotic Bohemians."

Brave as was King John, there was another John of Bohemia just as brave, who exerted a far greater influence, not only in his own country but throughout the world. This was John Huss, who has been rightly called, by an eminent authority, "the most prominent representative of the Czecho-Slavic race in the world's history." This is high praise, but it is not extravagant when we remember that every nation in Europe was directly influenced by the doctrines, the preaching, the life, and, more than all, by the death of Huss. The story of Bohemia

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cannot be told if John Huss is left out of it. For hundreds of years after his death his name was the patriotic rallying-cry, and to-day, among Catholics and Protestants alike, his memory is the most honored of all the sons of Bohemia.

The visitor to the beautiful town hall of Prague will see a splendid oil painting by Bohemia's most distinguished artist hung on the most conspicuous wall, representing Huss at the Council of Constance. There he was tried, condemned, and burned at the stake, but there, too, he triumphed gloriously. The significance of this portrait is greatly enhanced when we remember that the Roman Catholic rulers of a Roman Catholic nation thus honor the arch heretic, the great forerunner of Protestantism, because they see in him their nation's greatest patriot. For two hundred years after the death of Huss, the ferment of the new and liberal ideas in church and state seethed in Bohemia, until at the battle of White Mountain in 1620 the enemies of Huss and of progress triumphed, and Bohemia's long era of serfdom and decay set in. It

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is not too much to say that, though defeated in Bohemia, the principles of Hus triumphed on the larger battle-field of the world. His ideas prevailed in Germany, England, Scandinavia, and the Netherlands. They were adopted by the Puritans. They came to America with the Pilgrims in the very year that they met their final overthrow in Bohemia. They rule the religious life of the dominant nations of the world to-day.

Were we indebted to Bohemia for nothing else than the life and influence of John Huss, the debt would be impossible to repay. This great world-hero was born in the year 1374, of humble parents, but he received the best education which his time and country could afford, and became a Master of Arts of the University of Prague when he was twenty-two. At the age of twenty-eight we find him dean of the philosophical faculty, and at twenty-nine the president of the university. He was renowned not only as a scholar but as an orator, and peasants and scholars alike acknowledged the spell of his eloquent lips. Nor was he a recluse of the library, dealing

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with academic themes alone. He took hold of the problems of the day, threw himself into the thick of the fight against popular abuses, against the priestly hierarchy, and in favor of the common people. He had genuine and grievous evils to contend against in church and state. He fought no windmills, but embodied wrongs.

In 1408 the storm broke out. The Pope gave orders to burn the books of Wyckliffe, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," whose doctrines for a whole decade Huss had been preaching. He also forbade all preaching except in parish churches and convents, a decree that was meant to muzzle Huss, since he was accustomed to preach in a private chapel. From this moment the issue was joined, and it was a battle of Titans. On the one side were the authorities of the church, intrenched in traditions of the ages, fortified by enormous ecclesiastical patronage and political favor. On the other hand was a lone scholar, with a marvelously persuasive voice and an undaunted heart, supported, too, by the love and loyalty of the common

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people. His king, Wenceslas of Bohemia, and the Queen Sophia were also his friends, at least half-heartedly, but all the other royalties of Europe were against him, and rejoiced in his overthrow. It was practically one man and the people of Bohemia against the kings and popes and priests and people of the world.

I have said "popes" advisedly, for there were at this time three popes recognized by different parts of the Catholic world, though all were united in their hatred of Huss. The two popes of greatest power and pretension were Pope John XXIII and Pope Gregory, who was supported by the King of Naples. Pope John tried to enlist the people of Bohemia against the King of Naples and incidentally against his rival, Pope Gregory, by sending envoys to Prague to sell indulgences that he might raise money for his campaign.

The Pope's preachers entered Prague in great state, with drummers going before them to the market-place. Here they called upon every one to contribute in cash or goods, promising in return immunity from hell and

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a shortened term in purgatory. This was more than the righteous soul of Huss could stand. He did not wish to take sides with either pope, but he declared that to avoid hell and to purchase heaven by enabling Pope John to kill the soldiers of the King of Naples, who were bound by their oaths to support their king, was abominably wicked.

He was supported by another fiery orator, Jerome of Prague, afterwards a fellow martyr with Huss, and together they carried the hearts and consciences of the common people and the students of the university, though against them were all the authorities, secular and ecclesiastical, except the vacillating king. In the course of the uproar about the indulgences, three young men, who tried to prevent their sale, were publicly executed; whereupon a band of students seized their bodies, and singing, "These are the Saints!" triumphantly carried them off to burial.

Now the war between the people and the authorities, between an awakened conscience and the buttressed traditions, waxed hot and bitter. The Pope excommunicated Huss.

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Every one who might give him a cup of cold water or a crust of bread was also excommunicated. If he entered another town, the ban was on that town. No religious services could be held in it, the dead could not be buried, children could not be baptized, lovers could not be married. At the earnest request of the King, and to avoid further bloodshed, Huss left Prague for a little time and lived in the castle of one of his friends, as afterwards under similar circumstances Luther retired to the Castle of Wartburg. Huss, too, like Luther in later years, improved this time of exile to launch many of his thunderbolts against the evils of the day, both in Latin and in Bohemian, so that the Pope's bull and the exile of Huss harmed rather than helped the cause of Pope John.

King Sigismund of Hungary now comes upon the scene. He persuaded the Pope to call a general council of the church at beautiful Constance in Switzerland. At the same time he summoned Huss to appear at Constance, and persuaded his brother Wenceslas, King of Bohemia, that this would be the

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best solution of the trouble for all parties. Moreover, he assured Huss of a safe-conduct to Constance, free discussion there, and safe return, even if he did not submit to the decision of the Council. Volumes have been written on the meaning of this safe-conduct, both for and against King Sigismund. As a matter of fact, it was a mere scrap of worthless paper, for Huss was imprisoned as soon as he reached Constance, and was set free only by the flames which soon enveloped his body and liberated his soul.

However, Huss was permitted to appear before the Council on the 5th, 7th, and 8th of June, 1415, but he was never allowed freely to state his case, and all sorts of absurd and evil stories were set on foot to prejudice the people against him and to justify his fate, which had been prejudged. One of these wicked libels was that Huss had declared that there were four persons in the Godhead: The Father, The Son, The Holy Ghost, and John Huss.

A month was allowed to elapse, and again he was brought before the Council, on July 6. But he would not recant. It was his last

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chance. His condemnation was foreordained. It was that he should suffer the most cruel of deaths. He was led from the council chamber of the cathedral to a green meadow, half a mile from the city, and there the flames that mounted to heaven proclaimed the liberation of Huss from his enemies, who at the same time lighted the torch of Liberty of Conscience which has never been extinguished. His loud prayers could be heard while the flames leaped around him, but the dense smoke driven into his face by a merciful wind soon ended his sufferings by suffocation. In their impotent rage his enemies carefully gathered up his ashes and threw them into the Rhine, to prevent his countrymen from treasuring them. This act was an unconscious prophecy. Though Bohemia could not preserve his remains, and, after a struggle of two hundred years, lost the faith for which Huss stood, the Rhine carried his ashes through Switzerland, Germany, and Holland; and all of these countries afterwards adopted his beliefs and became the bulwarks of his teachings.

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Jerome of Prague is another name to conjure by in Bohemia, though his influence was and is by no means comparable to that of John Huss. His eloquence was even more fiery and persuasive than that of his older friend, but he lived much of the time away from Bohemia, and was not so thoroughly identified with her interests. He visited Huss at Constance, and for that imprudent interview was imprisoned, and in less than a year suffered the same fate as Huss. He met it so bravely that even an Italian priest, a legate of the Pope, was obliged to say of him: "None of the Stoics with so constant and brave a soul endured death, which he rather seemed to long for."

The news of the burning of Huss created a tremendous sensation and nation-wide grief in Bohemia, as can well be imagined, for the vast majority of the people were his devoted friends and disciples. The reaction against the priests knew no bounds. Every priest in Prague who had opposed Huss was expelled, and ministers of the Reformed religion were appointed in their place. Huss

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was proclaimed a holy martyr by the University of which he had been the Rector, and the 6th of July was made a holy day to commemorate his death and perpetuate his memory. For nearly two hundred years it was kept as a holiday, and as late as 1592, we are told, a Roman Catholic abbot at Prague "was attacked by the people, and threatened with death, because he had let some of his laborers work in his vineyards on the 6th of July."

Another John was the successor of John Huss as the popular leader and hero of the Bohemians. John Ziska was a warrior rather than a scholar, orator, and prophet. But as a military leader he was as great as Huss had been as a theologian and statesman. He has been compared by more than one author to Oliver Cromwell. He had, indeed, not a little of the great Puritan's simplicity and courage, and even more than Cromwell's military sagacity. Think of the material that John Ziska had out of which to forge an army that should successfully defy the united armies of Europe. Peasants, small landown-

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ers, shopkeepers, priests who had renounced the Pope, — these were the men who rallied around his banner and composed his invincible army that never knew defeat. What were their arms? At first only flails shod with iron, or short spears, while their opponents knew the use of gunpowder, and had the best arms and coats of mail that Europe could supply. Ziska invented a unique system of warfare, and may be called the father of the modern ironclad; but his ironclads ploughed not the seas, but the Bohemian plains. Indeed, it was an early adaptation of the modern mailclad ship to the prairie schooner of the Middle Ages. The wagons of the Bohemian farmers were linked together by strong chains, and were plated with steel or iron. In these wagons were the warriors, and in time of battle the women and children took shelter in them. They formed a kind of movable fort or series of forts. Ziska also soon developed a body of sharpshooters with the best guns procurable, and stationed them next to the horses to pick off the oncoming enemy. His cannon, too,

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though we should consider them clumsy and ineffective, soon proved that they were aimed with more skill than those of the enemy.

The stories of these old battles read like romances. In one of the earliest of them Ziska's forces were surprised by the enemy, and he had barely time to back his ironclad wagons against a small hill, while they were secured from attack on another side by a fish-pond. The enemy came on with ten times the number of Ziska's troops, but were obliged to dismount from their horses. The women spread their long veils across the only road by which the enemy could march, and these veils became entangled in the spurs of their opponents. Then they retired to their wagons, while Ziska's sharpshooters decimated the Catholic troops, who were finally routed with great slaughter.

Over and over again crusades were planned by the neighboring nations against the Hussites. Many electors of Germany, Hungarians and Poles united their forces, but could never prevail. The mailclad chariots, the

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brave warriors, and above all the military genius of Europe's greatest general, John Ziska, beat back no less than five of these formidable crusades. In one battle fully twelve thousand Hungarians, led by King Sigismund himself, were slain, and the whole army was routed.

Unfortunately, dissensions broke out in the Reformed party itself. They were divided into two hostile ranks, the Conservative Protestants and the Radicals. The latter destroyed churches, works of art, libraries, and treasures of all sorts, which they deemed an abomination. The Conservatives resented this, and sometimes were driven to fight their co-religionists. Thus at times John Ziska was waging a civil war; but when foreign invaders attacked Bohemia these moderates and radicals all united under their great leader, and when thus united were never defeated. How different would the fate of Bohemia have been had the people united their forces in later centuries, and found other great generals to lead them on to victory. She would to-day, doubtless, be a leading,

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independent, Protestant power of Europe, instead of being for centuries the football of misfortune, and in this twentieth century tied hand and foot to the most reactionary Catholic power in Europe.

John Ziska, who was of about the same age as John Huss, survived him by nearly ten years, and died of the plague near the Moravian frontier, whither he was marching at the head of his victorious army. During the last years of his life, while winning some of his most important victories, he, like King John, was totally blind, his eyes being pierced by an arrow in one of his early battles.

Catholic authorities assert that Ziska died blaspheming, and ordered that his body should be flayed, his skin used as a drum, and the carcass thrown to the wild beasts. The Protestant writers, quoting a contemporary and probable eye-witness, state that "he gave his last charge to his faithful Bohemians, saying that, fearing their beloved God, they should firmly and faithfully defend God's law, in view of his reward throughout eternity. Then Brother Ziska commended

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his soul to God, and died on the Wednesday before the day of St. Gallus." We will leave it to our readers to decide which version of his death is more credible, in view of the devout and godly life of the greatest military leader and patriot of his age.

One more great leader of the Bohemians must be mentioned, who led her armies before her sun began to decline. This was Prokop, called the Great, in distinction from another less distinguished general, Prokop the Less. Prokop the Great was the direct successor of Ziska, and adopted his tactics. He even carried the war into the enemy's country, invading Germany on one side and Hungary on the other, and rivaling both the Germans and the Hungarians in the desolation which he left behind him.

Another great crusade by the allied armies was planned, and one hundred and thirty thousand seasoned soldiers were sent against Bohemia in the last desperate effort to subdue her. Prokop could not muster half as many Bohemians to oppose them, but his courage and generalship were worth a hun-

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dred thousand troops. The invading crusaders were encamped on a plain when they heard the ominous rattle of the mailclad wagons of the Bohemians, and heard their war-song, "All ye warriors of God," which the whole army chanted in solemn measure and with stentorian lungs. More than two miles distant these sounds struck terror to the hearts of the allied armies, and they fled in dire confusion, leaving large stores and all their camp equipment behind them, while the Bohemians, with scarcely the loss of a man, pursued the flying enemy. This was the bloodless victory of Domazlice, and marked the climax of Bohemia's Golden Age. She had Europe at her feet. She could dictate her own terms. But she was content with ridding her own soil of invaders, and never attempted to impose her rule on her neighbors.

From this date, 1431, the power of Bohemia gradually declined. No other great leader arose, either as statesman, theologian, or warrior, to take the place of King John, John Huss, John Ziska, and Prokop. But the

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decline was very gradual, and was brought about by internal causes quite as much as by external pressure. The nation at this date was almost wholly devoted to the Reformed religion, what was called, after Luther's day, "Protestant." But this faith showed the serious weakness which seems to adhere in Protestantism: the people could not agree among themselves. Warring sects arose among the Reformers. The Catholic Church itself was reformed in some particulars. The Jesuits became exceedingly active, and undoubtedly were the most influential cause in driving Bohemia back to the ancient church. Austria's power was wholly exerted to this end, when the House of Hapsburg succeeded to the Bohemian throne.

Many Bohemian nobles married Spanish and Italian wives, who threw their influence in favor of the Jesuits, whose proselyting zeal knew no bounds. In later years Spain, Italy, Poland, the Catholics of Germany, and even Saxony, whose people had become Protestants of the Lutheran type and who hated the Calvinists of Bohemia even more than

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their Catholic neighbors, united to crush out the national life of Bohemia. This was nearly two hundred years after the glorious days of Huss, Ziska, and Prokop. In the kaleidoscopic changes of the Bohemian throne, Frederick, the son-in-law of King James the First of England, had become, by election, King of Bohemia. Even King James was lukewarm in the support of his son-in-law, and while he dallied with the situation and wrote letters of good advice, he became "the laughing-stock of the Catholics of Europe."

Such was the situation when the great battle of the White Mountain occurred in 1620, the battle so fatal to Bohemian prosperity and national aspirations, from the effects of which, though nearly three centuries have rolled by, she has not yet recovered. The causes of this disastrous defeat are not far to seek. Since the days of Huss serfdom had been introduced into Bohemia. The peasants were no longer freemen, but slaves of the soil. The spirit of democracy which animated the people in the early days had fled. The battle of the White Mountain was fought

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by mercenaries on both sides, but the mercenaries of the enemy were better paid and better equipped. King Frederick was a weak and pusillanimous ruler, who was actually entertaining some foreign envoys at a banquet in Prague when the battle of the White Mountain was being waged and his people were being slaughtered. The Protestants were disheartened and divided, the Calvinists and Lutherans hated each other bitterly, while the Romanists, embracing all the forces of the allied armies, were united and confident. All these causes were enough and more than enough to account for the terrible disaster of that fatal Sunday, November 8, 1620, when the independence of Bohemia was lost, and she became a vassal of the Hapsburg Dynasty.

Ferdinand, the conquering emperor, who now annexed Bohemia to his domains, was not slow in making his power felt in a hideously cruel way. All the leading Bohemian nobles were captured, and a few months afterwards, one after another, were led to the market-place in Prague and there beheaded.

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No one of them showed the white feather, but like the bravest Bohemians of former days, as Huss and Jerome would have done, pleasantly bade good-bye to one another, as they were taken from prison to the executioner's block, "just as if they were preparing to go to a banquet or some pastime." Their heads were nailed to the bridge tower of the old town, where they remained for ten years, a ghastly proof of the destruction of Bohemia and her liberties. Then in 1631, in the temporary triumph of a Saxon invasion of Bohemia, they were removed by the returning exiles, and solemnly buried in a church of Prague. These twenty-seven nobles have been enrolled by the people of Bohemia in later years, by Protestants and Catholics alike, in the national temple of fame among Bohemia's greatest heroes and martyrs. "These melancholy executions mark the end of the old and independent development of Bohemia," we are told. "The destiny of the country was henceforth in the hands of foreigners, who had neither comprehension nor sympathy with its former institutions."



OLD MARKET-PLACE, PRAGUE

The Teyn Church (Hussite) in the Background
Old Town Hall with Famous Clock on the Left

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The year of this disaster of the White Mountain is significant. On the very day that the Pilgrim Fathers were drawing near to America to found a great, free democracy, the democratic forces of Bohemia were defeated, and her star went down in bloodshed and carnage. We cannot dwell at length on the melancholy years that succeeded. The Thirty Years' War followed, or at least twenty-eight of these dreadful thirty, for the battle of the White Mountain was one outstanding event of its early years. Bohemia and Moravia were ravaged time and time again. Whole towns and villages were blotted out, fields were left untilled, industries were destroyed, Prague itself, once the proudest city of Europe and the capital of a vast empire, became almost a deserted village, and the population of the Czech countries of over three millions was reduced to less than one.

The Thirty Years' War was a religious conflict, and of course the Protestants of Bohemia were the sufferers under the new regime. They were despoiled of their pos-

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sessions, driven from their homes, exiled from their country, and murdered on every pretext. It was the boast of Ferdinand III that he would not rest until he had killed or driven out of Bohemia every Protestant heretic. He nearly succeeded in carrying out his threat, and, contrary to the general opinion that persecution cannot kill a religion, Bohemia is an example of a country where, by means of the sword and the inquisition, one faith has almost entirely supplanted another.

Little by little the Austrian Government not only suppressed the religion, but abolished all the rights and liberties of ancient Bohemia. At last she attacked the spirit of nationality at its fountain-head, and a hundred years ago forbade the use of the national language in every school and law-court in the land. In this, however, she overreached herself, and by this act of foolish tyranny promoted a reaction in favor of the Czech language. Through this, the national spirit has been revived, and the old flames of patriotism have been kindled afresh. Since then, a new Bohemia has arisen, not yet free from Aus-

Bohemia and Moravia

trian domination, but an industrious, prosperous, comparatively happy Bohemia, that honors its ancient heroes and glories in its ancient history. Prague has regained much of its old importance, not as the capital of an empire, but as the capital of the Czech race, and as a city famous throughout the world for its modern schools and its public institutions, as well as for its thrilling history and its checkered career of victory and defeat.

The present Emperor, Francis Joseph, who began his reign in 1849 as a reactionary of the severest type, has been obliged by force of circumstances to give the Czechs more and more liberty and constantly augmented privileges. Their beloved language has been restored to them in the schools and the courts; local government has been accorded them; and though they have not yet achieved an independence like that of Hungary, the Czechs look forward to the time when they shall be equally free from the dominion of Austria.

It should have been said that serfdom was

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abolished more than a century and a quarter ago. Now free and compulsory education has been adopted. Manufactures, many of them under purely Czech management and capital, are springing up everywhere, and there are to-day few more prosperous sections of Europe than the ancient Kingdom of Bohemia. It may be asked, If this is so, why the constant and swelling tide of emigration to America? Many answers may be given to this question. When such a stream once starts, it is hard to stop its flow. Brother calls for brother across the Atlantic. The children, when they become prosperous, send for the old folks to join them. Neighbor writes home to neighbor, telling of the vastly greater opportunities for enterprise and industry in the new world, and the American neighbor is soon joined by the old neighbor from the old home. The spirit of adventure urges the most enterprising to try their fortunes in the new world. The agents of the steamship companies are constantly soliciting patronage for the steerage. The dislike of military conscription drives others to take

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ship for America. Thus all these causes, working together, keep up the supply, and the steerage accommodations of the ships that sail from Trieste and Hamburg, Antwerp and Bremen, are never vacant.

“On the whole,” says a careful writer, who has personally investigated the matter on the ground, “I found surprisingly few cases of emigrating ne’er-do-wells, and in nearly ten months’ investigation, I could hear of only one case of assisted emigration.” Most of the emigration from Bohemia has been from the southern slopes, where the soil is poorer and the climate more rigorous than in the north. Here, too, wages are much smaller than in the cities like Prague and Pilsen, and we cannot wonder that laborers are willing to exchange the twenty-five-cent wage for a day of ten hours for an eight-hour day and a two-dollar wage, even if the expense of living in the United States is large enough to eat up part of the difference. No wonder that a domestic servant, who can earn two dollars a month in Bohemia, is attracted by the tales of importunate and humble mis-

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tresses in New York, Boston, and Chicago who will, figuratively speaking, get down on their knees to persuade the newly arrived emigrant to grace their kitchens at a stipend of six dollars a week.

III

COUNTRY LIFE IN BOHEMIA AND MORAVIA

The Similarity of Modern Cities the World over — The Goose-Girls of Bohemia — Human Labor and Wire Fences — “Full Peasant” and “Half Peasant” — The Ribbons of Land — A Typical Moravian Village — “Horse Peasant” and “Ox Peasant” — The Dowry of a Peasant’s Daughter — The Kind of People America needs — Whose Fault will it be? — The Good Blood of the Czechs.

SINCE we have learned something of the heroic but bloody history of Bohemia, let us look at the more pleasing picture of Bohemian life in this peaceful twentieth century. The larger cities are much like all modern cities in every part of the civilized world, for the tendency is for all great agglomerations of men to become uniform, dull in appearance, and lacking in individuality. Evening dress is the same in New York and Prague, the same in Chicago and Czernowitz. Hotel waiters, too, assume the same spiketail coat and ample shirt-bosom in the cafés of Boston and Budapest. You must visit the country districts to find individuality of cos-

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tume and custom. Here the shepherds patronize their own flocks for clothing, and are immensely picturesque in their stiff sheepskin cloaks, which serve as shelter from the rain and snow in winter and from the sun in summer. Sometimes these cloaks are beautifully embroidered. In other districts the woolly side is left out and the skinny side in; but however they are worn, they always form a striking feature of the landscape, as their owners lounge on hillside or plain, staff in hand, while their docile flocks graze peacefully near by.

The goose-girls also attract the unaccustomed eye. All through the Slavic countries they may be seen from every car window, watching their feathered flock. Their gay petticoats and bright kerchiefs, the distaff and shuttle which they hold in their hands, or the long stockings which they are knitting, all seem to carry one back from the twentieth century to the sixteenth. Shepherds and goose-girls have not changed with the passing centuries as have their city neighbors. While watching them you forget that there

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are such things as trolley cars and telephones, X-rays and wireless telegraphy, to disturb one's peace.

One Bohemian peasant was heard to berate the extravagance of a farmer who built a fence around his pasture instead of having a man to watch his sheep and a girl to watch his geese. That remark, as has been said, tells volumes concerning the difference between farm life in America and in the Slavic countries to-day. In one country, wire fences are cheaper than human labor. In the other, human labor is cheaper than wire fences. Yet wire fences and farm automobiles and threshing-machines have brought with them losses as well as gains, and it is not as yet a closed question whether the farmer is happier in the old world than in the new, though there is no question as to where he is the more prosperous.

Up to the year 1848 the peasant's lot in Bohemia was indeed hard, for though actual serfdom had been abolished, yet all the land was owned by the lords. To be sure, the peasant had hereditary rights in the land,

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yet he could not sell or mortgage it, or even give it up, without his lord's permission. He must do a certain amount of work for his lord, and render certain tribute in the shape of butter, eggs, and poultry, for which he received nothing.

A mighty upheaval came to all Europe in 1848. Paris was in revolt against the King. The German princes were compelled to call a national parliament at Frankfort. Kossuth was fighting for liberty in Hungary, and Bohemia shared in the blessed movement for the rights of the people. From that time the peasants were allowed actually to own the land they cultivated, though it took them some years to repay to the state the redemption money which had been advanced to the lords.

It must not be supposed that the word "peasant" in Bohemia, or indeed in Austria-Hungary generally, implies degradation or anything derogatory. It corresponds more to our word "farmer" than any other, and some of these peasants are very considerable farmers, too. A "full peasant" owns from fifty to one hundred acres of land, a "half

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peasant" half as much, a "quarter peasant" a still smaller amount, while below the quarter peasants are still smaller fractions, and also day laborers and workmen who own not a rood of land.

Let us visit one of the peasant homes. It is a small but comfortable adobe house, made of wattle and plastered with mud, and white-washed on the outside, while the roof is a generous overhanging thatch. If our host is a "full peasant" of the better class, his house is of brick, or even stone, perhaps, with a tile roof. His barns and outbuildings are commodious, and great stacks of hay surround the house, at which the cattle may nibble throughout the winter. Geese hiss, turkeys gobble, hens cackle about the doorway, and a loud-mouthed watchdog gives notice of our approach. Altogether it is a pleasant domestic scene, and we do not see, at first, why the boys from such a farm should care to risk their untried fortunes in far-off America.

But this is a "full peasant's" house that we are visiting. A "quarter peasant" or a "cot-

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tage," with a single acre or two, might tell a very different story. Even at the door of a "full peasant's" house we see no automobile, as we should very likely see in the yard of a Kansas or a Dakota farmer, and we certainly see no steam gang-plows about the premises, capable of breaking up a hundred acres in a day or two. Instead, we see the land divided up into long, narrow ribbons, a few yards wide, and running out into the distance almost as far as the eye can reach. These narrow strips of land are so divided because, according to immemorial custom, every son inherits his proportion of the family estate, which is divided lengthwise so that none shall have the advantage of the others in location or in quality of the soil.

Miss Balch, in her interesting book on "Our Slavic Fellow Citizens," tells us that she has counted thirty men ploughing at the same time, each working his share of the same big, unbroken field, each man's share marked not by hedge, fence, or wall, but only by a furrow about a foot wide. It is said, and I believe the case has actually occurred,

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that the strips are sometimes so narrow that a man must walk on his neighbor's land to lead the plough-horse on his own. She describes a typical Moravian village, where the houses stand in a row on each side of the street, which is lined with a solid facing of house-fronts and high yard walls or gates. Back of this village street stretch cultivated fields in long strips. In this village of Prikazy are no "whole peasants," nothing above "half peasants"; but there are fifty-six of these "half peasants," with farms of about fifty acres each. These farms are cut up into shoestring strips of land, so that the same farmer may own a little strip in a dozen different places and even on different sides of the town. Besides the "half peasants" are humbler folk, with only twelve or fourteen acres.

The larger farmers usually own three horses, and the horse determines a man's social standing, for his poorer neighbors must plough the soil with the aid of only an ox. Sometimes a poor aristocrat keeps a pair of horses that he cannot afford, simply for the

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sake of being reckoned a "horse peasant" instead of an "ox peasant." Substitute "automobile" for "horse," and we find that human nature is much the same in America as in Moravia. Inside the house, and even about the farm, the mother and daughter may go bare-foot, without in any way losing their social standing, though they may be abundantly able to purchase American shoes, which are the standard of comfort and elegance in this part of the world. The women, too, will help on the farm when need demands, and consider it no reflection on their womanly character. For my part, I see nothing derogatory to woman in farm labor. It is a hundred times healthier and happier work than that which many of these same Bohemian women may be driven to in the sweat-shops of America. Strange as it may seem, we are told on good authority that the dowry of a peasant's daughter in this same Moravian village of Prikazy is from five to twelve thousand dollars, and hundreds of dollars more will be spent on the wedding festivities.

Not all, to be sure, who come to America



A CROATIAN COUPLE IN HOLIDAY COSTUME



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from Bohemia are of the land-cultivating class. Many skilled workmen emigrate, especially of later years. There are also laborers and house-servants. But nearly half the people of Bohemia are agriculturists, and a much larger portion of the people of Hungary, Galicia, and Dalmatia, whom we shall consider later. So by far the largest number of the new Americans from the old homes of Austria-Hungary are genuine sons of the soil, the very people whom America most needs, — honest, frugal, hard-working, obedient to law, respectful to superiors and yet self-respecting, as those people are bound to be who have belonged to a settled social order. They have acknowledged the rights of superiors, to be sure, but most of them, even the “half” and “quarter peasants,” have people beneath them in the social scale, who look up to them and to whom they owe oversight and protection.

If Bohemian and Moravian emigrants do not make good American citizens, it will be the fault of America and not of Bohemia and Moravia. If they huddle together in the

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great cities or coal-mining towns, instead of cultivating the prairie soil (since the soil has been their inheritance for centuries), if the children grow up unruly and untamed, looking down upon their parents as "foreigners," if our jails and reformatories are recruited from their ranks, American environment and training will have more to do with this moral deterioration than the countries from which the people come.

The Czechs are the descendants of heroes. Crécy and Domazlice were as bravely fought as Culloden or Marston Moor. The Czechs have good blood in their veins, good sinews in their arms, stout hearts, honest purposes, as they begin life anew in a new world, far from their old homes. The kind of Americans that they will make, whether worthy or unworthy, will depend upon the schools and churches of America, and still more upon the neighborly influences and examples which they find in their new homes.

IV

THE PEOPLE WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Poles but no Poland—A Pathetic Epitaph—Where is Galicia?—Its Historic Cities—The Four Millions of Poles in the United States—The Novelist Sienkiewicz—Poland's Weak and Wicked Kings—Henri de Valois and the Democratic Spirit of Poland—How a King stole away from his Kingdom—Sobieski elected in spite of himself—His Defeat of the Turks—His Letter to his Wife—Dr. South's Opinion of Sobieski—The Decay of Poland—The Revival of the Spirit of Liberty under Kosciuszko—His Share in Our Own Revolution—The Poles and Napoleon I—Poland's Last Struggle for Freedom—The Poles in Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

IF the people of Polish ancestry, most of them in the first generation, who live in the United States were massed in New England, they would occupy five states as populous as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Five sovereign states like these, if not the largest, are to be reckoned with in the sisterhood of commonwealths; and a country that in a generation can populate five such states, and is likely in another generation to people as many

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more, is worth the sympathetic consideration of every American.

There are Poles, but alas! there is no Poland to-day, not even in the sense that there is a Bohemia or a Moravia. These lands, though provinces of another power, are little nations within a great nation. They have their own language and laws. Poland is like a garment rent in three pieces and divided among as many different owners. No wonder that the Poles, bereft of their nationality, have looked with longing eyes, and ever more and more, to the Land of Promise, where Russian, Prussian, and Austrian can vex them no more.

The pathetic epitaph which Niemcewicz, the Polish poet and revolutionist, wrote for his own tombstone, shortly before his death, expresses the feelings of the patriotic Pole in many a land: —

“ O ye exiles, who so long wander over the world,
When will ye find a resting-place for your many
steps ?
The wild dove has its nest, and the worm a clod of
earth,
Each man a country, but the Pole a grave.”

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No more ruthless rapine of a nation is recorded in the history of the world than the division of Poland between Russia, Prussia, and Austria. In this division, Russia took the lion's share (about one half of the territory and of the people); but Austria, with whose Polish inhabitants we have most to do in this book, took a very considerable slice of territory and many millions of inhabitants. Though the Poles acknowledge unwilling allegiance to all these powers, yet they have so many traits in common that a description of the Austrian Poles may serve for all. They live for the most part in Galicia. There is not even an "Austrian Poland," so called, as there is a "Russian Poland"; but they occupy a province which they share with Ruthenians and Jews, whom they hate as devoutly as they do the Austrians themselves.

I imagine that many of my readers are somewhat hazy as to the geographical location of Galicia. As a recent writer has said, "Most people are in doubt as to whether Galicia is in Spain, or is the land of the peo-

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ple to whom St. Paul once wrote an epistle." A study of the map will show that Galicia is neither the Galician province of Spain, nor ancient Galatia in Asia Minor, but the most northern province of Austria, stretching, with its neighbor, the Bukowina, around the northeastern edge of the Kingdom of Hungary, with Russia on the north. It joins Bohemia and Moravia on the west, with the narrow little province of Silesia between. It is about the size of West Virginia, and is the largest of the Austrian provinces.

For the most part, Galicia is one seemingly interminable prairie; and as one travels across it in winter, it gives him a sense of dreary desolation that few parts of the world suggest. Yet it is by no means an uninteresting land. Its history is alive with great historic characters and stirring events. Its ancient cities, like Cracow and Lemberg, delight the traveler far more than the modern towns of Europe and America, which look as though they might be built by machinery from the same brick-kiln. Its people are of supreme interest to Americans, since so many tens of

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thousands of new Americans are constantly coming from these old homes of Galicia. But with all its interest, it is a hard and rugged country, cold and wind-swept in winter, and baked by the summer's suns. Yet it is from just such countries that the hardiest people come; those who, other things being equal, make the best citizens.

Of the three chief nationalities of the province, Poles, Ruthenians, and Jews, the Poles and the Ruthenians are about equal in numbers, and the Jews a scant ten per cent of the whole population, but a mighty factor, after all, in the commercial world of Galicia. The Poles occupy the western end of this queer-shaped, jagged province, the Ruthenians the eastern end; and though there is some overlapping territorially, there is, to put it mildly, no love lost between the races.

The four millions of Poles in America come from Russia and Prussia as well as Galicia, but they are much alike in racial characteristics and temperament, and all look back to the same splendid history, the same heroic leaders, the same glorious golden

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day when Poland stretched from the Baltic almost to the Black Sea, and when she was able to decide the destinies of Europe. The Poland of to-day cannot be understood apart from her history. The meanest Pole who lands at Ellis Island has a heritage in the annals of a noble ancestry. He is proud of his country, even in its disembodiment, proud of the story of her great achievements, proud of her language, which has been the vehicle of song and story and splendid prose.

No modern novelist has commanded a style more nervous and at the same time more elevated than Sienkiewicz, whose great religious novel, "Quo Vadis," is as popular in America as in Poland. No wonder that a Polish poet writes: —

Let the Pole smile with manly pride when the inhabitant of the banks of the Tiber or Seine calls his language rude; let him hear with keen satisfaction and the dignity of a judge the stranger who painfully struggles with the Polish pronunciation, like a Sybarite trying to lift an old Roman coat of armor, or when he strives to articulate the language of men with the weak accents of childhood. . . . Our language has its harmony, its melody, but it is

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the murmur of an oak of three hundred years, and not the plaintive and feeble cry of a reed swayed by every wind.

The story of such a people, with such a history and such a language, should be familiar to all their fellow Americans. Poland differs from her near neighbor, Bohemia, in that she lacked in the days of her earlier history great kings and leaders, such as made Bohemia famous and powerful. Neither did the Reformation make much headway in Poland. Poland has no blind King John, no John Huss or John Ziska or Prokop, or any long line of heroes and reformers in her early days to make her illustrious. Her people, to be sure, were equally brave and virtuous, but in reading her history we have to search through a long line of weak and wicked kings and magistrates, who robbed the people of their rights, and constantly increased their own power and that of the nobles at the expense of the peasants. The Boleslas kings, the Casimirs, the Jagiellos, all were wanting in true kingly traits. Some were weak, some stupid, some stubborn, some licentious; almost all sought

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their own advantage rather than the good of their subjects.

The year after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the brother of the execrated King of France, Charles IX, who ordered the massacre, was invited to become King of Poland, and the invitation was accepted. A most gorgeous embassy was sent from Poland to Paris to bring the new king to his new throne. The splendor and pomp of this embassy, the magnificence of its apparel, the erudition of the ambassadors, who could speak fluently in Latin, French, German, and Italian, while the French nobles when addressed in Latin could only stammer or reply by signs, all these indications of Poland's wealth and learning astonished Paris and indeed all Europe.

The terms imposed on Henri de Valois when he became king showed that the Polish nobles at this time could boast not only education but spirit and common sense. The King was obliged to sign a compact in which he agreed that he should have no voice in the choice of his successor; that the non-

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Catholics should have equal rights with others; that no foreigner could hold any public office; and that the King must neither marry nor divorce his wife without the consent of the National Diet. These terms showed the democratic spirit of Poland at this date, or at least the power of the nobles, and it can well be imagined they were particularly offensive to a brother of Charles IX, especially the provision that secured the rights of non-Catholics. However, he had to sign the decree, though he soon got tired of his bargain, and five months later ran away from Cracow and escaped to France, leaving his Polish capital in the night and secretly, like a runaway schoolboy. His brother, the murderer of the Protestants, had in the mean time died, and he had inherited the throne of France. He never returned to Poland. The story of a king clandestinely escaping from his own throne, and being pursued by his subjects, who tried to bring him back to his duty, is one of the humors of history; but Poland was well rid of a worthless king.

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One bad or weak king succeeded another, with only an occasional brief interregnum of valor and prosperity, as in the reign of Stephen^{*} Bathori, Prince of Transylvania, who ruled from 1576 to 1586. After this a hundred years more of gradual decay under incompetent rulers set in for poor Poland, when her national spirit flamed up again, and the sun of her old-time glory seemed about to rise once more. This was in 1674, when in one of the frequent kingly elections, Sobieski, a famous general, who had already shown his prowess against the Turks, proposed in the Diet the name of the Prince of Condé for king. While this was being discussed, in a sudden burst of inspiration one of the nobles of the Diet cried out, "Let a Pole rule over Poland!" The cry reached the popular heart, and Sobieski, in spite of himself, was elected King of Poland, and as the event proved, added a lustrous page to her history. The story reminds us of one of our own American Presidents, who was nominated practically while naming, and in good faith, another for the presidential chair.

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During Sobieski's reign (his kingly title was John III), the Turks were threatening to overrun Europe. In fact all southeastern Europe was in their power. Servia, Hungary, parts of Poland were in the grasp of the Tartars, and it looked as though all Europe might become a vassal of the great Mohammedan power. The resources of Hungary and the other buffer states, which had so long kept the might of Islam at bay, though at their own expense, were well-nigh exhausted. In 1683 the Turks, with enormous forces of infantry and cavalry and uncounted camp-stores, left Belgrade on their march to Vienna; if they conquered that city, Europe would be at their feet. The cowardly Emperor Leopold fled from his capital, and all the wealthier inhabitants, to the number of sixty thousand, followed suit, leaving only as many more of the poorer people and some twenty thousand soldiers to defend the city. The fate of Vienna, of Austria, perhaps of Europe, seemed sealed.

But at last relief came to the beleaguered city. Sobieski set out from Cracow at the

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head of his Polish veterans. He was joined by the Elector of Saxony, and together they commanded an army of seventy thousand men. The Polish cavalry was especially conspicuous, with its fine horses and splendid equipment. Sobieski himself led the way, shouting in Latin: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory." The united armies were victorious all along the line. The Turks fled in wild dismay. Many thousands were killed, including six pashas, while the Grand Vizier himself, with a mere remnant of his army, managed to reach Belgrade. This was the 12th of September, 1683. On the following day Sobieski wrote a most interesting letter to his wife, which tells of the tremendous extent of his victory.

Only Joy of my Soul [he wrote]; Charming and Much-Beloved Mariette! God be praised forever! He has given the victory to our nation! He has given such a triumph as past ages have never seen. All the camp of the Mussulmans, all their artillery, infinite riches, have fallen into our hands. The approaches to the city, the fields around, are covered with the dead of the infidel army, and the remains of

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it are flying in consternation. Our people are bringing us every minute camels, mules, oxen, and sheep, which the enemy had with him, and besides an innumerable quantity of prisoners. . . . It is impossible to describe all the refinements of luxury which the Grand Vizier had collected in his tents. There were baths, little gardens with fountains, even a little parrot, which our soldiers pursued but could not capture. To-day I went to see the city. It could not have held out five days longer. It is all riddled with bullets. Those immense bastions perforated and half tumbling to pieces have a terrible aspect; one would think they were great masses of rocks. All the soldiers did their duty; they attribute the victory to God and ourselves. . . . All have embraced me and called me their savior. I have been in two churches where the people kissed my hands, feet, and clothes. Others who could only touch me at a distance cried out, "Ah! let me kiss your victorious hands!"

I have quoted at some length from this long letter, which Professor Morfill tells us was discovered by accident nearly two centuries later, because it tells in graphic language the story of one of the world's decisive battles in the words of the great general who won it. Incidentally, it shows Sobieski to be a writer of no mean power, combining in

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himself gifts of the sword and the pen, as did Julius Cæsar and Napoleon. It shows him, too, in the light of a devoted husband, whose first account of the victory was to his beloved wife. The next day after the battle a solemn service was performed in the Cathedral of Vienna, at which John Sobieski was present, and the priest preached from the text: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John" — a case surely where an "accommodated text" was most appropriate.

The King lived thirteen years after his great victory, but his later years were embittered by dissensions at home and trouble abroad. The Polish nobility were factious and treasonable, as was their habit. Sobieski was snubbed by the foolish, cowardly King Leopold of Austria, whose kingdom he had saved. Louis XIV of France plotted against him, and tried to accomplish his overthrow. The common people were harassed by the constant wars that Sobieski had to wage against his enemies. At last the old king, worn out in body and soul by the intrigues of his enemies and the ingratitude of his

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nobles, died, saying with his last breath: "Corruption universally prevails. Judgment is obtained by money. The voice of conscience is not heard, and reason and equity are no more." This was not merely the pessimistic utterance of a sick old man. It too well indicated the condition of Poland, whose decay had set in long before the time of Sobieski.

The following description of the great king and general is interesting because it was written by a personal acquaintance, and that acquaintance no other than the famous divine, Dr. South, whose sermons are so much admired by modern scholars, and who was chaplain to an English embassy that visited Poland during Sobieski's reign.

As to what relates to his Majesty's person [wrote Dr. South], he is a tall and corpulent prince, large-faced and full eyes, and goes always with the same dress as his subjects, with his hair cut round about his ears like a monk, and wears a fur cap, but extraordinarily rich with diamonds and jewels, large whiskers, and no neck-cloth. . . . He never wears any gloves, and his long coat is of strong scarlet cloth, lined in the winter with rich fur, but in the summer only with silk. Instead of shoes he always wears, both abroad and at home, Turkey leather

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boots, with very thin soles and hollow deep heels made of a blade of silver bent hoopwise into the form of a half-moon. He carries also a large scimitar by his side, the sheath equally flat and broad from the handle to the bottom, and curiously set with diamonds.

After the death of Sobieski the decay of Poland went on apace under the succession of Saxon kings. We can understand better how a century later Poland came to be divided into three parts, when we read what a French abbé, a vigorous contemporary writer, tells us, as quoted by Professor Morfill: —

The nobility of Poland had power of life or death over the serfs, so that they could put them to death whenever they chose. The nobles were splendid in their dress. They shaved their heads, with the exception of a tuft on the top. They did not wear beards, but long, thick mustaches, which almost entirely covered their mouths. The ladies were dressed in the French style. If one of them left her house to go to church or to pay a visit at but a distance of twenty paces, she always went in a carriage drawn by six horses. The peasants were obliged to work five days a week on their masters' estates. If they neglected this duty, they were liable to personal chastisement.

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Here is the story, in a paragraph, of the causes of the fall of a great kingdom and a vigorous, gifted people: weak and imbecile kings; luxurious, pleasure-loving, selfish, autocratic nobility; a depressed, despised, and down-trodden peasantry, working five days out of the seven for their feudal masters and two days for themselves. No wonder that Poland at last fell an easy prey to the three rapacious and unscrupulous powers that finally divided her vast and fair domain among themselves. With truth the poet sings, "Each man hath a country, but the Pole a grave."

The last gleam of hope for Poland as an independent country appeared on her horizon in 1791, the year so pregnant with great events for all Europe. Poland called herself a republic, but she was really a kingdom, ruled, as we have seen, by a line of corrupt kings and a scarcely less corrupt nobility. In that year of turmoil and the assertion of popular rights throughout the world, a better spirit seemed to come to the Polish leaders. Even the weak Saxon king, Stanislaus, who

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was then on the throne, showed signs of a more unselfish spirit. A new constitution, based largely on that of the United States, the young power which was just emerging into prominence on the other side of the Atlantic, was adopted by the Diet. It was somewhat vague, to be sure, and not free from the rhodomontade of the age; and those who have studied it critically declared that it contained a "joker," which still deprived the peasants of their rights. But it was an advance on anything in the past, and hope sprang up once more in the hearts of the patriotic Poles.

But Prussia and Russia objected to this new constitution, with its professions of "liberty, equality, fraternity," and deliberately decreed the division of unhappy Poland between themselves, and sent their armies to enforce the decree. Austria at this time had troubles of her own, chiefly with France, and was disregarded as a negligible quantity in this first rape of the republic.

Then the candle of Liberty flamed up in its socket. The people, maddened by this

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cold-blooded disruption of their beloved land, rose in arms against their enemies, under the renowned Thaddeus Kosciuszko, who is not only a Polish but a world's hero. He won a brilliant victory at Warsaw, and compelled the Russian troops in 1793 to abandon the siege. But his triumph was short-lived, for the following year he was defeated and taken prisoner by the Russians, and Poland's struggle for freedom was over.

Kosciuszko's story is of special interest to Americans, for he loved our country and fought for her liberties. Very early in the War of the Revolution he sailed for America, and threw in his lot with the struggling colonists. He rose to be a brigadier-general, distinguished himself at the battles of Yellow Springs and Saratoga, and was afterwards governor of the Military Academy at West Point. After his defeat at Warsaw and his release from a Russian prison, he lived again in the United States. Later he declined many positions of honor, even from the Russians, his former enemies, and he died in Switzerland nearly a quarter of a century after his last

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heroic effort to deliver his beloved country from the despoilers. His devotion, self-sacrifice, and unselfish patriotism, however, were not in vain. His name is the synonym for patriotism the world around, and Campbell's eulogy is not yet forgotten, though perhaps it is too much to say that now, as fifty years ago, every American schoolboy knows that

“Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.”

The story of the succeeding century of Polish history is heart-breaking to the lovers of liberty. Her aspirations for freedom have never been quenched, though continually thwarted. A people who can keep alive within their hearts, under such awful disasters, the love of liberty and equality, and never allow the flame of patriotism to be wholly extinguished, have in them qualities which should make them welcome to our shores, for they have the true spirit of Americanism.

In the heroic days of Napoleon I, the Poles sided with the great general, and long hoped that he would deliver them from bondage.

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But he, selfish in this as in all things, did not deem it to be to his advantage to do so, and turned the cold shoulder on them, even though the Poles furnished sixty thousand soldiers for his fatal expedition to Russia.

In 1830, and again in 1860, Poland made other futile struggles for freedom, which, though marked by desperate valor on the part of individuals, only served to rivet the chains of their conquerors more firmly. Austria had become one of the trio of despoilers of Poland by this time, and now rules about one quarter of the ancient kingdom. Prussia owns another quarter, while Russia retains a generous (or ungenerous) half.

In Russia the Poles enjoy much economic prosperity, and Warsaw, Lodz, and other manufacturing towns are wealthy and prosperous, but the liberties of the people are sadly shackled. Being Slavs, like themselves, the Russians seem to have a fellow-feeling for this subject race, which the other nations lack. "The Russian," it is said, "alternately caresses and punishes his Polish brother."

In Prussia the Pole is systematically Ger-

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manized. He is not abused and maltreated so that the other powers are led to interfere, but his language, his ancient customs, the very spirit of his national life, is denied him, and he is losing his individuality more rapidly than in the neighboring lands.

In Austria he retains his language, and has a voice in the local government. He is the ruling factor in Galicia, but Galicia is poor, and much of it sterile, and his economic position there is probably worse than in the other lands.

From the boundaries of these three countries comes a constant stream of emigrants to America. May they find under the Stars and Stripes the freedom of which they have so long dreamed, and for which they have fought so bravely!

V

SOME POLISH WRITERS

The Prince of Historical Novelists — Mickiewicz, Poland's Greatest Poet — Anton Malczewski and his Writings — A Polish Tolstoy — His Simplicity and Eccentricities — Kraszewski and his Many Novels.

It does not come within the scope of this book to describe at length the literature or social life of Poland. It would require many volumes larger than this to do justice to these themes. But they should not be entirely overlooked, for they have a bearing upon the life of America's Polish citizens, and we cannot fully understand them if we ignore these sides of their national life.

The literary proclivities of educated Poles have always been marked. They honor their men of letters, and set up beautiful monuments to them in their market-places. One of the most popular novelists of modern times is Sienkiewicz. Indeed, he is the prince of the historical school of novelists. Few have approached him in vividness of descrip-

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tion or in thrilling narrative, and the tone of his writings is noble and exalted, and often profoundly religious.

The greatest poet of Poland is Mickiewicz, who, though living in Poland's darkest day, has left imperishable pictures of Polish life and manners. He has been declared the equal of Wordsworth or Shelley in his description of natural scenery.

I will quote some lines translated from another lesser-known poet, Anton Malczewski, who died when he was only thirty-three, and whose verses became immensely popular after his death: —

“ Cossack on thy flying steed, whither art thou bounding?
Is't the fleet hare thou wilt catch on the steppe surrounding?
Or dost in thy fancy taste liberty the sweetest?
Or wouldst try the Ukraine winds which of you is fleetest?
Maybe thou dost soothe thy soul with that song's sad cadence,
Thinking of thy far-off love, comeliest of maidens.
O'er thy brow the cap is pressed, slackened is the bridle;
Clouds of dust along thy path show thy course not idle.

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Lo ! that sunburnt face of thine with what ardor glowing !

How thine eyes enraptured shine, joy its sparkles
throwing ;

Thy wild steed obeys like thee ; then fleet as the swallow,
low,

With his eager neck outstretched, leaves the wind to
follow.

Out ! poor peasant, from the road, lest a woe betide
thee ;

Lest the courier spill thy goods, yea ! and override thee.
And thou dark bird of the sky everything that greepest,
Tho' around thou wheel'st thy flight, man and steed
are fleetest.

Croak thou may'st, but croak'st in vain, of ill-luck
the prophet ;

Hide thy secret — for he's gone — thou 'lt tell nothing
of it.

On lit by the setting sun ; onward ever driven ;

Like some messenger he seems, sent to men from
heaven.

You may hear his horse's hoof echo half a mile hence ;

Over all that mighty steppe lies a brooding silence.

Never merry sound of knight nor of squire careering,

Sad wind whispering in the wheat, that is all you're
hearing.

In among the grass of graves, wizard voices sighing

Where with wither'd wreaths the brave all unreck'd
are lying.

'T is a music wild and sweet, voice of Polish nation,
Which preserves her memory fond for each generation.

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Only from the wild flowers now they their splendor
borrow ;
Ah ! what heart that knows their fate, feels no pang
of sorrow ! ”

Lelewel was another interesting character of Poland of the nineteenth century. His works on history, ancient geography, and numismatics were recognized in many lands. He seems to have been a sort of Polish Tolstoy, living in the style of the poorest artisans, though he was honored and revered throughout his own and other countries. He was librarian of the University of Warsaw, and afterwards a Professor in Wilno; but political troubles drove him to Brussels, where he lived for nearly a generation in voluntary poverty, being willing to take only a franc a day for his work when engaged by the city of Brussels to catalogue and arrange the very valuable collection of coins belonging to the city, a work which only a specialist like himself could accomplish.

The following account of Lelewel's simplicity and eccentricity is entertaining:—

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He lived worse than the poorest Brussels artisan, but would never receive any contribution from his richer countrymen. As he sat in the winter in a room that could not be warmed, a Polish lady during his absence caused a stove to be put in; but when he came back, he turned it out of the room — just as Dr. Johnson did with the shoes which had been given him — and only at last allowed a pipe to be introduced into his own from a neighboring room, which was well warmed. He frequently, however, opened the windows during the severest frost. Coffee was a great refreshment to him, but he enjoyed it only once a week; on other days he breakfasted on bread and milk. When Poles who visited him entitled him "Your Excellency," as he had formerly been a minister, he forbade it, and would not allow himself to be called "Mr." but only "Citizen." During the morning hours he sat at his work with bare feet in felt shoes and in an old gray cloak, with a pocket-handkerchief, which had at one time been white, but had now become brown, pinned to his knees. This he wished to have conveniently at hand, as he was a great snuff-taker. His linen, however, was always very clean. At midday he went dressed in a blue workman's blouse to a poor little public-house to get a humble meal among the artisans who frequented it.

Many Polish authors have done excellent work along lines of historical research, and her novelists are by no means least among

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the world writers of fiction. It is needless to tell American readers of the vigor and deep interest of Sienkiewicz's historical novels, to which I have before alluded, but they are not so well acquainted with the works of Kraszewski, who also wrote many historical novels. When he had been in the field of authorship for fifty years, his published works of all kinds reached the amazing number of two hundred and fifty titles.

It is evident that our Polish citizens in America come from a land where literature is honored and cultivated, and we may well believe that in the future they will add not a little to the value of the literary output of America.

VI

POLISH COUNTRY LIFE IN ANCIENT DAYS

Picturesque Poland — The Gulf between Rulers and Ruled — What constituted a Noble — Hauteville's Racy Account of the Habits of the Nobles — Doings in the Banqueting-Hall — Free Peasants and how they were stripped of their Freedom — The Hard Lot of the Peasants — The Ancient Inns of Poland — The Polish Jew.

LIFE in the cities to-day tends to uniformity the world around. As the frock coat and evening dress reduce mankind to a dull uniformity, so all modern life tends to sameness and monotony. Educated men are much the same in all lands. Professional men have the same earmarks in Poland as in America. In the country districts, to be sure, one finds more variety of costume and custom, but even here Paris fashions are creeping in, though perhaps a year behind the times. To find what is most picturesque in the social customs of Poland, one must go back a century or more.

The people of unhappy Poland were di-

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vided into two great classes, the nobles and the peasants; and it was largely because of the overbearing domination of the former and the pitiful serfdom of the latter, without any great middle class between, that the downfall of Poland was so complete. Because of the great fixed gulf between the rulers and the ruled, Poland has been swept off the map of the world.

A noble was a man who possessed land, or whose ancestors had possessed land. He might be as poor as poverty, and, barefooted, drive his one hired horse before his plough, but he was still a noble and had a right to wear a sword, though it might be a rusty one and tied by a string to his girdle. But he must not learn a trade or engage in business, or he would lose his patent of nobility. This threw the business of the country into the hands of the Jews, who fattened on the foolishness of the nobility and the necessities of the peasants.

A French writer, Hauteville, gives us a racy and amusing account of the habits of the nobles two hundred years ago, when

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Poland was still a very considerable factor among the nations of the world. He writes:—

When the Polanders make a feast, all the guests who are invited must bring a knife, fork, and spoon along with them, because it is not a custom to lay any of these utensils upon the table; they sew a piece of linen round the tablecloth, which serves for napkins. After all the guests are come, the gates are shut and not opened till all the company are risen from the table and all the plate is found; for if they did not use this precaution, the footmen would steal part of it; and this is also the reason why they lay neither knives, spoons, forks, nor napkins upon the table. Every person of quality has a hall in his house, which they call the banqueting-hall, in which there is a place for a side-table, surrounded with balusters. This side-table, from which the cloth is never taken off till it is very dirty, is covered with abundance of plate, and over it is a place for the music, which is usually composed of violins and organs. Those who are invited to the feast bring their footmen with them, and as soon as they are seated at the table, every one of them cuts off one half of his bread, which he gives with a plate full of meat to his servant, who, after he has shared it with his comrade, stands behind his master and eats it. If the master calls twice for a glass of wine or other liquor, the servant brings as much more, and drinks in the same glass with his master without rinsing it. Though there is a great deal of meat brought to the

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table, there is nothing carried back to the kitchen, not even of the last course; for the servants seize upon all the meat, and their ladies make each of them carry a napkin to bring away the dry sweet-meats or fruits that are brought to the table.

This seems to be not unlike the modern Japanese custom, where it is polite to wrap up in a paper napkin the fruit and sweet-meats you do not eat, tuck them into your wide sleeve, if you wear a Japanese costume, and take them home with you.

In the earlier and happier days of Poland, one class of so-called free peasants had some rights, but gradually these were taken away, and with the lower class of peasants all practically became slaves of the nobles, who had a right to all of their labor and even to their lives; for if a noble killed a peasant, his punishment was only a nominal fine.

No peasant could own a foot of land. He could not change his home or leave his owner's estate. He was bound body and soul to his master. No wonder that under such a system, the life-blood of the nation gradually

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grew thin and weak. It was as bad for the nobles as for the serfs in the end.

In another chapter has been described the elegance and luxury of the Polish nobles who went as a deputation to Paris to invite Henry of Valois to become their king. Contrast this with the condition of the Polish peasants, as described shortly before this by the French author I have before quoted:—

The furniture of their houses consists of some earthen or wooden dishes, and a bed which they make of chaff or feathers, with a sort of coverlet over it. Their stoves have no chimney to let out the smoke, which has no other passage but a small window about four feet from the ground. When they go into their cottages they are forced to stoop that they may not be stifled with the smoke, which is so thick above the little window that one cannot see the roof, and yet 't is impossible to go to bed in the winter without stoves.

There are no inns in Poland where one may lodge conveniently and be accommodated with a bed. The only houses of entertainment are places built of wood, which they call *karczma*, where travelers are obliged to lodge with the horses, cows, and hogs in a long stable made of boards, ill-joined, and thatched with straw. 'T is true that there is a chamber at the end of it with a stove, but 't is impossible for one to

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lodge in it in the summer, for they never open the windows even in the hottest weather; so that strangers choose rather to lie in the stables in the summer than in the chamber. And, besides, the *gospodarz*, or innkeeper, lodges in that room with his children and whole family. Those who have occasion to travel in the summer may avoid part of these inconveniences by lying in a barn on fresh straw; for the *gospodarz* gathers and locks up every morning the straw which was given at night to those who lodged in the stable or chamber, in order to reserve it for those who shall come to lodge after them.

It must be remembered, however, that Poland was not the only country where the peasantry lived in what would seem to us the depths of destitution. It is doubtful if the condition of the English peasantry in the seventeenth century was much better, or the lodging-houses much more comfortable. Certainly many peasants' houses in Ireland, even down to the close of the nineteenth century, were little better, though recent reforms have for the most part greatly improved them.

The Jews were never a negligible quantity in Poland, having entered the country in the early years of its history. They have held the trade and commerce in their grasp

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during all these centuries. The peasants easily become victims to their commercial shrewdness, and get head over ears in debt to them, mortgaging lands and houses to obtain the means of subsistence. This has made them hated by high and low alike. In the early days they were outcasts, and were obliged to wear yellow caps to show their nationality. In these days, though they are allowed to discard their yellow caps, they make themselves no less conspicuous by the long corkscrew curls that hang down in front of either ear, and their long coats which come down to their heels. At least this is true in Austrian Poland, with which this book has chiefly to do, and a Jew in Galicia is as unmistakable as though he wore a placard on his forehead, proclaiming, "I am a Jew." At every railway station you see him, and in the towns you find him engaged in all sorts of business, from a pushcart enterprise to a big department store, but you never see him following the plough or employed in the factory. In Russian Poland he has had to discard his curls, as they were

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forbidden by the decree of Nicholas I, but he clings to his long coat, his "Jewish gaberdine," which almost sweeps the ground. No wonder that, ostracized, hated, spit upon, he seeks a new and more congenial home in America.

VII

THE POLES IN AMERICA

Their Hereditary Rights in America — Zabriskie, Sodowsky, and Pulaski — Pioneers of Texas — The Poles in the Connecticut Valley — One Person in Every Twenty-two in America a Pole — In Michigan Every Eighth Person a Pole — A People to be reckoned with.

THE Poles may be considered to have a hereditary right in America, since it is stated on credible authority that a Pole, John of Kolno, discovered the coast of Labrador in 1476, sixteen years before Columbus made his memorable voyage. Not many years after the Pilgrims landed in Plymouth and the Cavaliers in Virginia, a distinguished Pole settled in New Jersey, and founded the well-known and numerous Zabriskie family, whose descendants have shed lustre on American annals. One member of this family was a chancellor of New Jersey, another was Dean of Harvard College, while their blood, it is said, "also runs in the veins of such distinguished families as that of Gou-

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verneur Morris, the Bayards, Jays, Astors, and others." Other Poles were pioneers in Manhattan, in Kentucky, and on the Mississippi. It is even said that Jacob Sadowsky made a long voyage down the Ohio and Mississippi until he reached New Orleans, being one of the first white men to make this adventurous journey. Some claim that Sandusky, Ohio, is but a corruption from the name of Jacob Sadowsky.

The Poles sympathized with America in her revolutionary struggle and, as we have seen, sent their greatest hero, Kosciuszko, to fight our battles as a friend and aide of General Washington. Pulaski was another Polish revolutionary hero who has left his name on the map of America, and still another was Niemcewicz, who wrote a valuable biography of General Washington.

The Polish revolution of 1831 sent another contingent of exiled patriots to America, and Miss Balch quotes the reminiscence of a lady who lived in Troy, New York, in the early thirties, and who remembers seeing there "a group of Polish gentlemen,

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ragged, but obviously aristocrats, working at the cobbled pavement of the streets with bleeding fingers. A few days later, one of these men looked at his fingers, drew out a pistol, and shot himself."

The Poles, too, were among the pioneers of Texas, and they have hard tales to tell of the original Texans who "would take a man out and beat him just for the fun of it." "Several times," we are also told, "a Pole bought a horse, and in the night it was stolen from him by the man who had sold it." Yet in spite of these early tribulations, the immigrants flourished, and many colonies were established in the Lone Star State.

Many Poles reached the Connecticut Valley, also, in the comparatively early days of emigration, and were esteemed faithful, honest, and industrious laborers. The testimony of a New England farmer who employed many Poles and brought many others from New York to work for his neighbors is worth quoting: "They make good citizens. Almost without exception they are Roman Catholics, and faithful to their obligations. They are

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willing to pay the price to succeed. That price is to work hard and save."

In their Galician homes the vast majority of them are farmers or farm-laborers, and they do not lose their love of the soil when they reach America, though many of them, unfortunately, especially the Jews, congregate in the cities.

That the Polish contingent of American citizens is no mean factor is evident from the fact that in 1908 it was estimated that there were, as I have said, four millions of men, women, and children of Polish ancestry in the United States; that is, one person in every twenty-two whom you may meet on the street has Polish blood in his veins. Most of them are late arrivals, or the children of late arrivals, for the great exodus from Poland to America did not set in until about 1890.

In Pennsylvania one person in twelve is a Pole, in New York about one in fourteen, in Massachusetts about one in ten. In Wisconsin and Michigan every eighth person is a Pole. These facts are enough to convince

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us that they are “a people to be reckoned with,” and should make Poland’s history, her literature, and the habits and customs of her people of exceeding interest to every thoughtful American.

VIII

OUR RUTHENIAN NEIGHBORS AND THEIR OLD HOMES

Their Many National Names—Not a Negligible Race—A Story of Oppression and Uprisings—Their Illiteracy—Their Religion—Their Priests and their Churches—Their Ancestral Love of Freedom—Their Folk-Songs—The First Ruthenian Emigrant to America—How Emigrants escape from their Old Home—The Ruthenians and the American Dollar—Lemberg, the Capital of Galicia—How the Ruthenians show their Colors—A Ruthenian's Tribute to Canada.

FROM the same part of Austria, namely, Galicia, that sends to America so many Poles, comes another Slavic race, the Ruthenians, who also seem destined to have no small part in shaping the future destinies of America. They are called by various names, Little Russians, Russniaks, Russinians, etc., but the name given to them in Galicia, from which province the vast majority who are now in America have come, is Ruthenians. They are by no means a negligible race, for they cover a large section of Russia, and spill over into Austria and Hungary, numbering some thirty millions in all. In-

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deed, there are probably three times as many Ruthenian as Greek-speaking people in the world, and almost as many as there are who call Italian their mother tongue.

For some reason the Ruthenians of Russia, or Little Russians, have not yet begun to come to our shores in large numbers, but there is a constantly swelling tide of Austrian Ruthenians crossing the Atlantic to the United States and Canada, more than twenty-six thousand having come in the year ending June, 1912.

They can point to no such splendid ancient history as can the Poles and Bohemians, yet at one time they dominated all southern Russia, and they have always been a liberty-loving people. The blood of freedom has always tingled in their veins, and their novelists and poets, of whom they can boast not a few, have made this their constant theme. The story of Mazeppa, as told by Byron, is characteristic of Ruthenian life at its best, life on the free, broad prairies, the life of the horseman on his swift charger. But they have been horribly oppressed at times by stronger

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powers, and in spite of frequent uprisings were for centuries in cruel bondage. This has made the peasantry poor and illiterate, and the proportion of emigrants who can neither read nor write is larger than from almost any European country, except southern Italy and Portugal. The schoolmaster is coming into his own, however, among the Ruthenians, and while among the old people eighty per cent are illiterate, of the boys between ten and twenty only thirty-seven per cent cannot read and write. Their ignorance has not been their own fault. Galicia is a poor country, with few manufactures and a comparatively sterile soil. The Government in the past has provided poor schools, and for many villages none at all, so that sometimes a number of peasants have been obliged to band together and hire a private teacher that their children might not grow up in total ignorance.

Religiously, like the people who live in Great Russia, the Little Russians are very devout, and in their churches one will see them bowing reverently before their icons or embossed pictures of Christ or the saints,

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their hair sweeping the ground, after they have kissed the picture with passionate earnestness. In Austria the Ruthenians, though having the peculiar forms and ceremonies of the Greek Orthodox Church, owe allegiance to the Pope of Rome. Yet about the only difference between their service and that of the Great Russians is that they pray for the Pope rather than for Emperor Nicholas. Their priests are married like the Russian priests, and their cross has three transverse pieces like the Russian, instead of one like the Latin cross. By this peculiar shape of the cross, the many Ruthenian churches in the United States and Canada may be distinguished, as well as by the icons, where the sacred pictures are usually covered with metal of some sort, gold or silver or some baser metal, except the face and hands of the saints, which appear as if in an embossed frame. They do not allow an organ in their churches, but the deep, mellow voices of the male choirs more than compensate for its absence.

The Ruthenians are among the poorest of the peasants who come to America, their

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holdings of land in Galicia being very small and not always of the first quality. But though poor, and many of them illiterate, they are not by any means the least desirable of the peoples who are swarming to our shores. They have not lost their ancestral love of freedom. They are willing to work, and they are not a people lacking in literary appreciation and ability. Their multifarious folk-songs show this. One collector, we are told, has found no less than eight thousand such songs in a single district. The printing-press was very early set up in their cities, even before it was in use in England, and stirring and dramatic novels and poems have come from their press for centuries past.

Miss Balch tells an interesting story of the first Ruthenian emigrant to America. He came in the year 1878. This Ruthenian, who lived in Radocyna, had a Polish neighbor who emigrated to the new world, whither many Poles had already gone. He promised to write back to his Ruthenian friend if he found America a good place to live in, and if he considered it desirable for his friend to

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emigrate. But the government at that time tried to discourage emigration. It printed all sorts of unfavorable news about America, and even opened and suppressed private letters that gave too rosy an account of the new land. So the Polish friend, fearing his letter would be intercepted, agreed to prick the letter through with a pin if he did not find America equal to his hopes and if he did not advise his friend to leave Galicia. After a time the letter came. It had no pin-prick, and the pioneer Ruthenian started for New York. But his troubles had only just begun. He had lost his friend's address before he reached New York. He was alone, indeed, in a great strange world, the only man of his kind among sixty millions of busy people, who knew nothing about him and cared as little. He could not speak English or German or any of the common languages. He was three days without food. He sat down and cried in the street. What else could the poor man do? Fortunately, a Pole came by, recognized his Ruthenian clothes, and asked him if he was not a Ruthenian. We can imagine his

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joy at seeing a friendly face and hearing a friendly, familiar word. The Pole took the Ruthenian to his home, found work for him, and in six months he was able to send back to Galicia for his wife, and send her money for her passage. He had been obliged to steal away so secretly that even his wife did not know where he had gone.

But the first Ruthenian emigrant was not the last. By 1899 the tide had swelled to fourteen hundred. Then there was a very rapid increase, at the rate of two or three thousand a year, and since 1907 an average of more than twenty-five thousand Ruthenians each year cross the ocean to try their fortune in the new world. Truly this adventurous Galician was the forerunner of a great host, and no one can predict how many more may follow in his train.

All sorts of expedients, legitimate and illegitimate, were adopted by the Austrian Government to keep the people at home. Outrageous falsehoods were printed against America. Indeed, there are few European governments that do not like to magnify

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America's defects and minimize her virtues. But the Austrian Government of Galicia went so far as to tell the people that they would die of hunger in America, and commanded the priests to proclaim this in their pulpits, which the priests often pluckily refused to do.

Soldiers were stationed at the frontier to turn the emigrants back. Miss Balch gives two incidents of the shrewdness and courage of the emigrants in running the gauntlet. One man, as he reached the German frontier, was arrested by a gendarme. The Ruthenian stopped, as if to tie his shoe, picked up a handful of mud, and threw it in the gendarme's face. Blinded by the mud for a few moments, he did not see his wily prisoner bound across the line into Germany, where he could not follow to capture him and bring him back.

Another would-be emigrant bought his ticket only to the last station on the Galician side, in order to avoid suspicion; but his wife, who accompanied him thus far on his long journey, was so overcome with grief at the

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thought of parting from her husband, and wept so copiously, that the suspicion of the frontier guards was aroused, and the man was put under arrest. He asked permission to go back for his bundle to the third-class car he had left, and, instead of getting it, slipped into a second-class car, where the guard did not think of looking for him, and thus he got safely off to Bremen, and thence to America.

The Government, indeed, might as well attempt to stop the flow of the Danube, or like Mrs. Partington, with her broom, to sweep back the Atlantic tides, as permanently to keep the people from going where they can better their condition. Old neighbor writes home to old neighbor, husband sends for wife, children send back for their parents, and the Christmas and New Year's greenbacks, which tell of prosperity and savings in the new home, beckon the Ruthenians away from the old homesteads.

Millions of American dollars find their way to Galicia every year, and many are used in buying land for the peasants when the great estates are broken up, as they often

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are in these days. A number of peasants band together to buy a tract of land, putting in all the money they can command, and then coming far short of the required amount. Where shall they get the rest? Why, from America, to be sure. And so they apply to the neighbors and cousins who have prospered on the other side of the sea, and, sure enough, the money comes back, and the land is bought and paid for. Because of this American money, some estates in Galicia, which could hardly be given away forty years ago, are in great demand at tenfold the price asked for them then. It is only fair that this money should come back to the old country, since neighbors and relations were and are most generous to the poor emigrants, often loaning them money without interest for their traveling expenses. The honesty of the emigrants is shown by the fact that the money is always repaid. Many a girl, we are told, goes to America while her lover is serving his compulsory three years in the army, and in household service earns money enough for his passage to America when his

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term of service has expired. This money he always scrupulously pays back to his *fiancée*, and when he has earned enough to pay this debt and get a little ahead, he marries his true love. We may well believe that those who show such constancy and such honesty will "live happily ever after."

I was much interested when in Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, to see the signs of Ruthenian enterprise and national spirit. Though Lemberg is in the very heart of the Ruthenian country, the city itself is largely inhabited by Poles and Jews. The Poles dominate the city politically and industrially, and their language is used in the courts and schools. The Ruthenians, however, show their colors on every possible occasion. On their fast-days and national holidays, they will march into Lemberg, thousands strong, from the country, the men wearing stovepipe hats, and the women the latest Paris fashions, or as near as they can approach to them, and sporting eyeglasses and lorgnettes to show that they, too, are educated people and even of a literary turn, in spite of the general es-

Our Ruthenian Neighbors

timation in which they are held by their Polish neighbors.

One of the finest buildings in Lemberg is the Ruthenian Life Insurance Building. It is ornamented with beautiful tiles representing the colored embroidery and art needlework of Ruthenian women, and is a standing monument, visible to every visitor, of the artistic dexterity of these women.

As I have said, many Ruthenian emigrants go eventually to Canada, where we are told they prosper more uniformly than any other emigrants. Volumes concerning the Ruthenian love of liberty and joy in their new-found freedom are told in the following ode to Canada by Michael Gowda, translated into vigorous English by E. W. Thomson. The poem first appeared in the "Boston Transcript":—

"O free and fresh — home Canada! Can we,
Born far o'er seas, call thee our country dear?
I know not whence nor how the right may be
Attained, through sharing blessings year by year.

"We were not reared within thy broad domains,
Our fathers' graves and corpses lie afar;

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They did not fall for freedom on thy plains,
Nor we pour out our blood beneath thy star.

“From ancient worlds by Wrong oppressed we
swarmed,

Many as ants, to scatter on thy land ;
Each to the place you gave, aided, unharmed,
And here we fear not kings or nobles grand.

“And are you not, O Canada, our own ?

Nay, we are still but holders of thy soil,
We have not bought by sacrifice and groan
The right to boast the country where we toil.

“But, Canada, in Liberty we work till death !

Our children shall be free to call thee theirs,
Their own dear land, where, gladly drawing breath,
Their parents found safe graves, and left strong
heirs,

“To homes and native freedom, and the heart

To live, and strive, and die if need there be,
In standing manfully by Honor's part,
To save the country that has made us free.”

IX

WHERE SEA AND MOUNTAINS MARRY

The Charming Adriatic Coast — How to see it — The Sterile Mountains—A Theatre of Stirring History—Pola and its Arena—Diocletian's Palace at Spalato—The Ancient Republic of Ragusa—Montenegro and its Brave People—Bosnia-Herzegovina—Sarajevo, its Capital—Austria's Great Seaport.

IF my readers will furbish up their geographical knowledge, they will remember that the eastern coast of the Adriatic belongs largely to Austria, Hungary, and Turkey. It embraces Istria, Dalmatia, Albania, and a few yards, so to speak, of Herzegovina, and a few more of the Montenegrin coast-line; and there is outside the mainland, at a longer or shorter distance, a fringe of islands, running invariably north and south, while on the opposite Italian shore of the Adriatic there are no islands, and the wind-swept coast is very different from the safe, island-protected harbors of the eastern shore.

I fear that this is as far as the geographical knowledge of many of my readers extends,

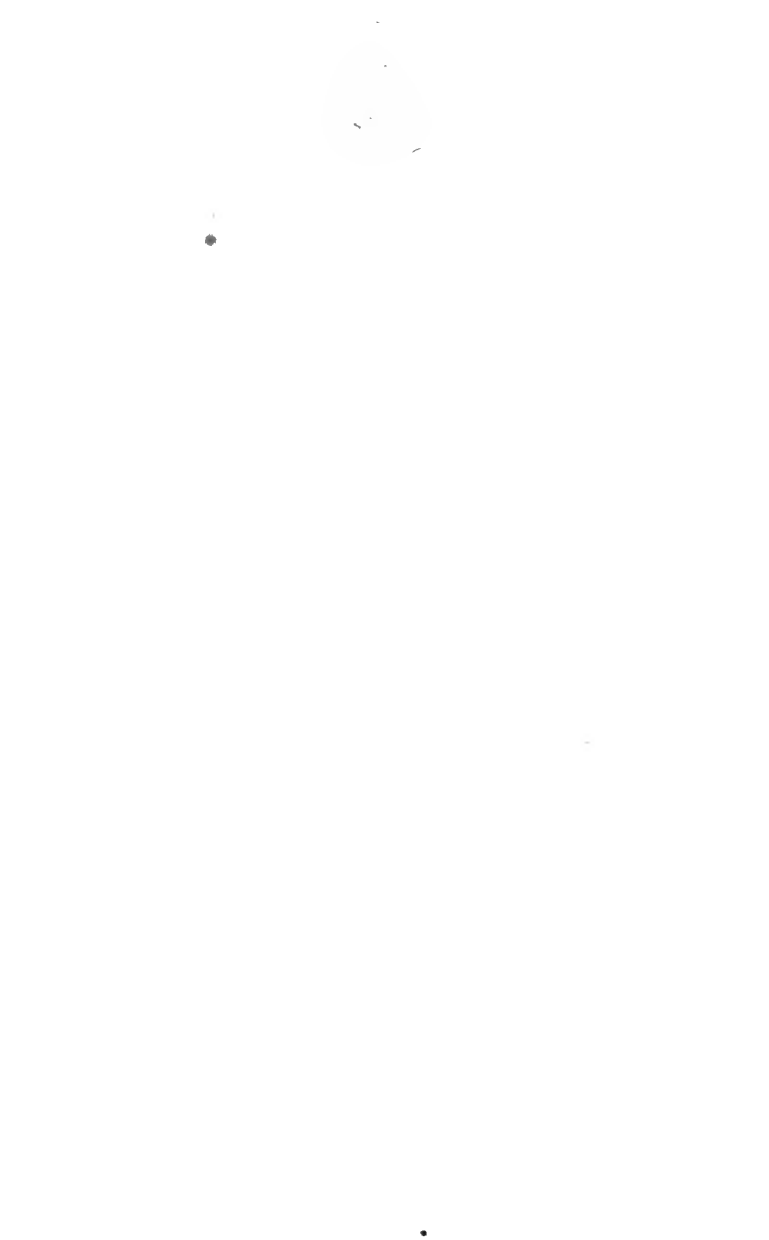
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if I may judge them by myself, for until I visited the eastern shore of the Adriatic, it was a *terra incognita* to me. I had a vague notion of the facts above stated; but I did not know of the magnificent scenery, of the land-locked fiords, rivaling those of Norway or Iceland in beauty, of the rugged snow-clad mountains, grand and mighty in their very sterility, that rear their heads along the whole route and wash their feet in the peaceful Adriatic. I did not know much about the many ancient cities, full of the memories and monuments of the Cæsars, that line the shore, or of the possibility of making a journey into the heart of the little Kingdom of Montenegro, and of there seeing the bravest, most stalwart, and handsomest people in all Europe.

All these surprises were in store for me when I took passage on an Austrian Lloyd steamer at Trieste for Cattaro, the most southern town in Dalmatia and on the very edge of Montenegro. By preference, we chose a slow freight-steamer that dawdled down the Dalmatian coast, stopping at every



CURZOLA, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND OF CURZOLA, ON THE DALMATIAN COAST



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little port to discharge huge boxes of Austrian merchandise and cans of American kerosene oil, and to take on, as a fair exchange, great barrels of olive-oil, hogsheads of wine, sheep and goats and chickens, boxes of Dalmatian insect-powder, and anything else which the Dalmatians had to offer. It is, indeed a wonderful journey. In and out, out and in, the steamer threads its way, almost always in still water, and sometimes apparently completely landlocked, with the islands on one side and the steep, sterile shores of Dalmatia on the other.

Strabo described Dalmatia as barren and rocky, and the country has not improved in any perceptible degree since Strabo's time. I had always supposed a New Hampshire hillside farm to be the synonym for rocks and sterility, and from my boyhood I have been familiar with the joke about the sheep that have to sharpen their noses before they can pick out the grass-blades from between the rocks, and about the farmers who have to plant their peas and beans by firing them out of a shot-gun. But the most sterile New

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Hampshire hillside farm I ever saw (and I lived among the New Hampshire hills for ten years) is a paradise of fertility compared with hundreds of miles of the Dalmatian coast. Yet here for thousands of years men have lived, and grown old, and died. Here battles have been fought, and dynasties have been overthrown. Here Cæsars have had their palaces, and have built their temples and their coliseums.

Dalmatia, which is one of the crown lands of Austria, has been the theatre of much of the world's most stirring history, from the time of the Cæsars to the day when Napoleon I incorporated it in his short-lived "Kingdom of Illyria." This was in 1810. But in 1814 it was handed back to the Austrians, who had possessed it for a few brief years, from 1797 to 1805, when they had ceded these coast-lands to Italy. Dalmatia's history has, indeed, been a varied one. Since the days of Cæsar Augustus, Goths, Avars, Slavs, Magyars, Turks, Venetians, French, and Austrians have fought for and successively ruled this stern and rock-bound

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coast, whose magnificent harbors have excited the cupidity of all these races. Barren, rough, forbidding as it is, it has a beauty and a grandeur all its own. Splendid mountains, some of them snow-crowned, as I have said, tower up from the very edge of the water. Lovely fiords, as fine as anything in Norway, Alaska, or the Faroe Islands, pierce the land in every direction, affording scores of fine harbors for the navy and the merchant vessels of the Austro-Hungarian fleet. Charming islands shut away the boisterous Adriatic, and would allow the traveler to imagine that he is on an inland lake, did not the large ocean steamer on which he is embarked challenge the idea.

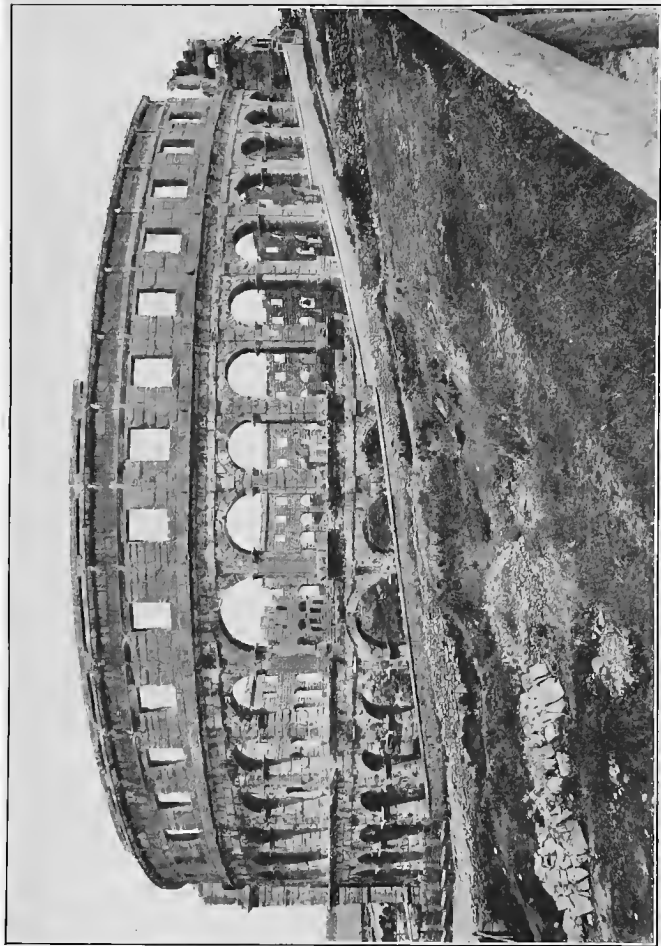
But, above all, this is the land of romance and history. You can scarcely go ashore at any little, dilapidated, gone-to-sleep town without finding a beautiful Roman temple or arena, or at least a splendid Corinthian column, two thousand years old, standing in the market-place. The arena at Pola, which is Austria's chief naval station, is finer and in far better repair than the Coliseum at Rome,

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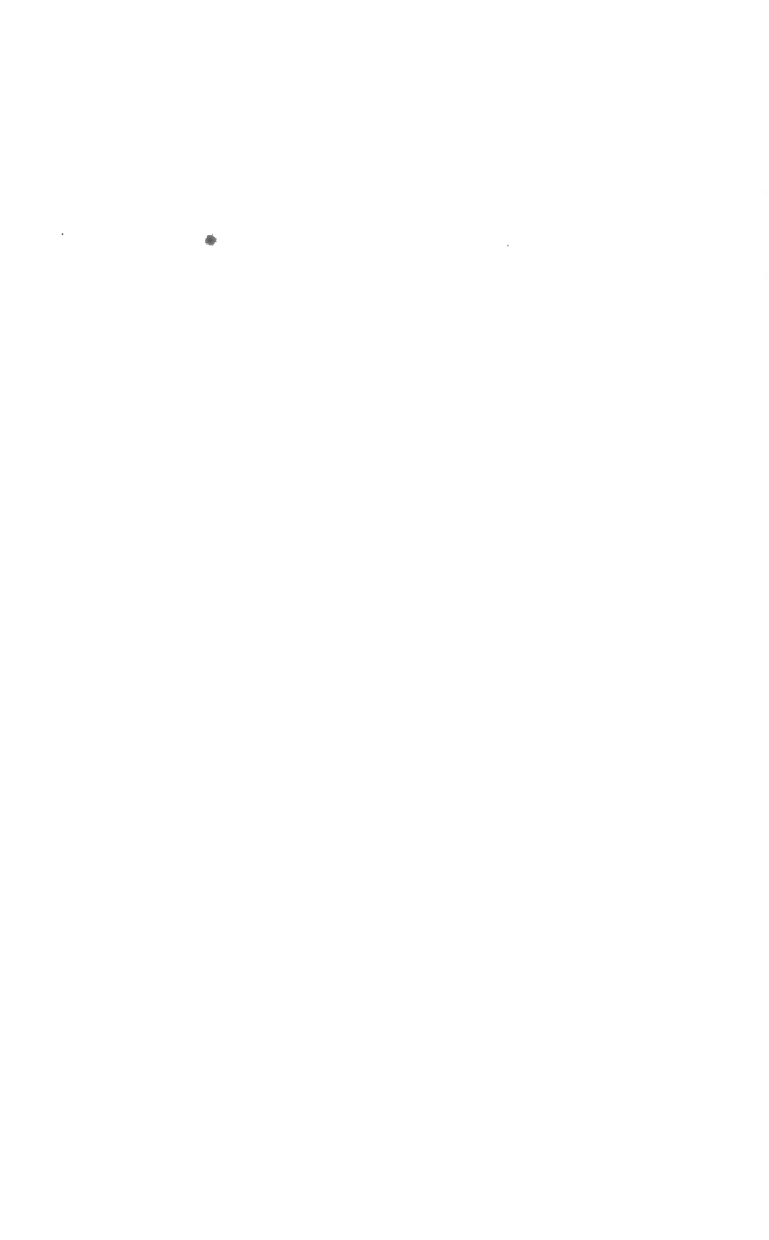
and Diocletian's palace in Spalato is more impressive than most of the ruins that travelers rave over and that guide-books mark with two stars.

Yet who in America ever talks of Spalato? Who crosses the ocean to see Pola's coliseum, or its still more beautiful temple, built nineteen years before Christ and still in a fine state of preservation? Who is interested in Ragusa, the little republic which so long maintained its independence when all the rest of Europe was trembling at the advance of the Turk? Yet there is no more picturesque spot in all the world than Ragusa, the bride of the sea and the daughter of the mountains, sitting regally on her narrow peninsula that the sea and the mountains allow her.

But the most interesting part of all the journey is the *détour* to Montenegro that one makes from Cattaro, the most southern town in Dalmatia, just over the Montenegrin border. Here the mountains assume their grimmest and most savage aspect. "Frowning mountains" is no name for them. They are hideously *scowling* mountains, these black hills



THE ARENA AT POLA, DALMATIA



Where Sea and Mountains Marry

of Montenegro, from which the country gets its name. Of solid dark-gray rock, so bleak, wind-swept, and precipitous that scarcely a green thing can find lodgment on them, they tower over the peaceful fiord of Cattaro, almost overhanging the water with their sullen, dark brows. Up, up, up, by many zig-zags we climbed these tremendous rocks, over a pass three thousand feet directly above the sea; then a little stretch of comparatively level but equally barren country; then up another mountain and over another pass four thousand feet high our road lay. For six hours we climbed and climbed, and it was quite dark before the twinkling lights of Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro, blessed our eyes. Here we found a country village of about three thousand inhabitants, where every man looks like a brigand, wearing his belt stuck full of pistols and daggers. Yet most handsome and mild-mannered brigands they are, I must say, trying to get the better of us in every bargain, as all Easterners do, but plying their brigandage in no other way. In this almost inaccessible mountain strong-

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hold the Montenegrins of a thousand years have defied the Turks and maintained their independence, and within a short time their beloved prince, Nicholas I, has of his own accord given his people a constitutional government and has summoned a parliament.

There are only two hundred and fifty thousand Montenegrins, all told, living in the barrenest corner of this round earth, so far as I have seen it. They are poor as poverty, too, living for the most part in mud or stone huts, with thatched roof and no chimney; but they are men for all that, free, brawny, brave, handsome, independent men, content with their lot and proud of their fearsome mountains and awful chasms,—the finest race, as a race, that I have seen in this part of the world. And the reason is not far to seek. They have been to the School of Liberty. They have breathed the mountain air of freedom for a thousand years. Every man is a possible hero, every woman the mother of a hero. Long live the freedom-loving Montenegrins!

Where Sea and Mountains Marry

This little digression concerning Montenegro may be forgiven, perhaps, since the Montenegrins, though they do not belong to Austria-Hungary, in their history and their traditions have much in common with the outlying sections of the Dual Monarchy. Few Montenegrins have come to our shores as yet, but when we consider the attractions which America offers them over their own sterile mountains, it would not be surprising if the tide of emigration should set in, and a large part of the population eventually find homes in our hospitable land.

BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA

Bosnia-Herzegovina lie directly east of Dalmatia, separated from that seacoast province by the same sterile mountains that loom so threateningly above its rocky shores. On the side of Bosnia-Herzegovina, however, they smile more than they frown, and many a charming valley and fertile meadow is found on their eastern slope. The emigration from Bosnia-Herzegovina has heretofore been comparatively small; and yet, since these

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provinces are governed by Austria, and the tide of emigration from all of them has begun to set toward the United States, it is worth while briefly to consider them and their people.

Here the East and the West meet as in no other part of the Dual Monarchy. In the early days the Bosnians belonged to a sect of Christians called Bogomiles, which the Catholics regarded as heretical and which they tried with all their might to suppress. The common people, for the most part, resented this interference, and preferred the religion of the Turk to the kind of Christianity which the Franciscans would force upon them, so these provinces were ground between the upper and nether millstones of the Moslem and the Catholic; but much Oriental blood still runs in their veins, and there is little national or religious unity to bind the people together.

Divided as the people were in their religions, between the East and the West, their country was often the battle-ground of Turk and Christian. Over and over again it was

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overrun and laid waste, and the lot of the people was indeed deplorable.

Mr. Colquhoun, in "The Whirlpool of Europe," gives an interesting account of Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia-Herzegovina: —

The five-and-twenty years of Austrian occupation has not, in Sarajevo, the capital, done more than place a surface crust over the lives of the people. Even here one may turn out of one's modern hotel and in a few steps enter the bazaar — that labyrinth of lanes, flanked with wooden booths in front of stone buildings.

Here is no trace of the West. The barber plies his trade; the shoemaker displays his peaked slippers of red or yellow, and patches his customer's worn goods, spectacles on nose; the silver and copper smith has his little furnace and apparatus of primitive simplicity; the tailor sits cross-legged on his bench, and the sweetmeat-seller greets one's nostrils with the odor of *ghee*, to be smelt a long way off.

Most characteristic of all is the beturbaned old graybeard, seated cross-legged before his door, smoking sedately and imperturbably his cigarette or long hookah and surveying the world with the indifference of age-long philosophy. Through the murmur of sounds that fills the heavy air, laden with the many smells of an Oriental bazaar, comes a familiar *clang* — the importunate jangling of the bell of an

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electric train which glides along near by in vivid contrast to this bit of old world.

The people have the virtues and the vices of the primitive races, for they are the least developed of all belonging to Austria. They are strong, vigorous, well-knit physically, with little intellectual enterprise, due very likely to their lack of opportunities; but they have in them the making of a vigorous and useful people, and, with the facility of all Slavs, they are able to adapt themselves to circumstances, to make the best of their condition, and, for the most part, to endure their lot uncomplainingly.

Trieste, Austria's great seaport on the Adriatic coast, of which I shall speak in another chapter, is of particular interest to Americans, since from this port embark tens of thousands of would-be citizens of our republic. Not many months ago, as I was returning to my hotel from a late meeting in the town of Agram, the capital of Croatia, I met a long procession of men, women, and children, each with a bundle, or a carpet-bag, or a tin can, or some article of bedding

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or household furniture, and each with a determined look and steady stride as though on some serious errand bent. I soon found that their purpose was indeed a serious one, for they were bound for the happy land of freedom and prosperity, as they regarded it. There were at least five hundred of them in this band; and I was told by a resident of Agram that more than a thousand gathered in this little capital every week, and from here started on their long journey to America.

The next day, taking the train from Agram to Trieste, I found the third-class compartments crowded to suffocation with these same men, women, and children whom I had seen the night before. Doubtless many tears had fallen, as they left their homes in the country, but these were all receding into the distance, and good cheer had taken the place of the sorrow at parting from friends. With many quips and jokes and songs they beguiled the long journey to Trieste, and a day or two after I embarked with them on the same ship, which was to take me to Greece and to take them to far-off America. Such

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scenes are common in a score of towns and cities throughout Austria-Hungary, and every one of them is loaded with significance for every American who loves his country and his fellow men who, from among these many races, are seeking our shores.

X

HUNGARY, THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE BRAVE

The Buffer State between Mohammedanism and Christianity — The Mountains and Rivers and Plains of Hungary — Where the Hungarians originated — How they took the Oath in Ancient Days — The Battle-Cries of Two Nations — How Duke Lehel used his Hunting-Horn — A Race converted to Christianity — St. Stephen the King and Patron Saint — The Degenerate Successors of St. Stephen — The Cruel Times of Old — The Golden Bull of Hungary — A Devastated Nation — Hungary rises from its Sackcloth and Ashes — Sigismund's Unhappy End — The Golden Age of Hungarian History — Brave John Hunyadi, and his Remarkable Victories — Matthias, the Great Son of a Noble Father — How he conquered the Austrians and the Turks — His Strategy and Generalship — The Turkish Victory at the Battle of Mohács — One Hundred and Fifty Years of Turkish Rule — The Last Campaign of the Mohammedans against the Western Nations — A New Chapter in the History of Hungary — Transylvania, the Brightest Spot in the Domains of Hungary — Hungary as a Province of Austria — Maria Theresa and her Son Joseph II — His Penny-wise Economy — Revival of the National Spirit — Stephen Széchenyi, the Regenerator of Hungary — Louis Kossuth the Eloquent — A Failure that resulted in Final Victory.

AMONG all the stories of the nations, from the days of the Hittites to the time of the latest and largest republic of all, the Republic of China, there are few if any that are more thrilling and romantic than the story of Hun-

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gary. No people have ever shown a greater love for freedom, none ever fought more valiantly for their rights.

The fact that Hungary for centuries was the buffer state between Mohammedanism and Christianity, and often by her own unaided efforts prevented the hordes of Moslems from overrunning Europe, should alone commend her story to every American in whose veins flows the blood of Anglo-Saxon or Teuton, Latin or Slav. Hungary seems to have been cut out by nature for a great nation. Her natural features are on a large scale. The splendid Carpathian Mountains surround her territory with a wall of granite, but a wall made beautiful almost to its summit with trees of many kinds; while on the very crest of these mountains are found crystal lakes of unmeasured depth, and down their sides dash the beautiful streams that "make the meadows green." The rivers of Hungary, too, are planned on a large scale. The "beautiful blue Danube," the largest river in Europe, with one exception, flows almost through the centre of the kingdom, while the Theiss and



ONE OF THE LONG-HORNED WHITE OXEN OF THE
ALFÖLD OF HUNGARY



HUNGARIAN SHEPHERDS

Hungary, the Land of the Brave

other large streams, navigable for hundreds of miles, are tributaries of the great river.

The great plains of Hungary are among the principal features which have made the nation great and prosperous, for they cover thousands of square miles in extent, and are of unfailing fertility, equaling in their rich depth of soil our own noblest prairies. The great plain, the *Alföld*, as it is called, is the granary of Hungary, and not only supplies wheat and corn for the use of the nation, but exports much to foreign lands. The climate, as can be imagined in such a country, is exceedingly varied, ranging from the sub-tropical on the shores of the Adriatic to the sub-arctic as one ascends the Carpathian Mountains towards the borders of Galicia.

But the people of Hungary are even more interesting than their country. They are unique in their religion and racial characteristics among the peoples of Europe. They belong neither to the Anglo-Saxon, the Teutonic, the Latin, nor the Slavic races. Their only relatives in Europe are the people of Finland, who are descended from an allied race; but

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they are related to the Turks and the Mongols of Asia Minor and of remoter Asia, and their ancestors came from the region of the Ural Mountains and the valleys of the Altai.

Their early history, like that of most great nations, is lost in the maze of mythology; but it is interesting to read the tradition that Nimrod, the grandson of Noah, was the founder of the race, and that his wife, Eneh, bore him two sons, Hunyor and Magyar. These two brothers, — who were great hunters like their father, who has given his name to every expert user of the arrow, spear, and gun since his day, — while chasing a doe in the forests of the Caucasus, were led to move westward, and found a country rich in fertile meadows and green fields. The doe vanished from before their eyes, for she had evidently been invented by the myth-makers to lead the brothers into their new domain; and afterwards, we are told, the progeny of Hunyor settled beyond the Volga, while the sons and grandsons of Magyar settled about the river Don, and were known thereafter as Don-

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Magyars. However much or however little true history is found in this maze of myths, the names have persisted through all the centuries. The Huns devastated Europe in the early centuries, and "Magyar" is still the most honored name by which the people of Hungary choose to be known.

From the beginning the Hungarians have been a warlike, conquering people, and we can easily believe the story of the Seven Dukes of Hungary, who sealed their union by each opening a vein in the arm of all the others, and drinking in turn from the spouting blood. This form of oath, we are told, was for a long time the custom in Hungary. One of the five conditions of their union was thus stated: "Whenever any of their descendants shall be found wanting in the fidelity due to the prince, or shall foment dissensions between him and his kindred, the blood of the guilty one shall be shed even as theirs was flowing when they gave their oaths of fidelity to Álmos [their chief]."

The blood that flowed from the veins of the Seven Dukes was typical of the blood

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which should freely flow through the history of Hungary, from those earliest days to the times of Kossuth and his unsuccessful and yet in the end gloriously successful uprising.

The romancer who should tell the story of Hungary would not have to draw upon his imagination for exciting situations and deeds of heroic valor. Some of them are well worth relating, as showing the innate characteristics of this heroic people.

Under the reign of Árpád, the first ruler of Hungary, whose rule spanned the last part of the ninth and the first part of the tenth century, the Hungarians were everywhere successful, for Árpád was a great general as well as a great king; but upon his death there was no one of his ability to take up his work, and for the first time (about the middle of the tenth century) the Germans checked the advance of the Hungarian hosts. The battle-cries of the two nations, one Christian and the other still pagan, though soon to be converted to Christianity, were significant. The Germans shouted, "Kyrie eleyson," as they drove their hosts against the Hungarian

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ranks, while the Hungarians replied with their barbaric yell, "Hooy! Hooy!" But the Germans were better drilled and equipped, and for a time the advance of the Hungarians was checked and their army destroyed.

An interesting legend is still current among the Hungarians about the death of Lehel, one of their early heroes, whose ivory bugle-horn, which the iconoclastic archæologists are cruel enough to call a Roman drinking-cup, is still seen; but this is the story, which we prefer to maintain in spite of the archæologists, who, if they had their way, would make history so tame and commonplace.

In the disastrous battle of Augsburg, the Duke Lehel was taken prisoner and brought before his conqueror, Otto. He was condemned to death, which did not greatly frighten him, for he had faced death every day of his mature life; but he begged for one favor, and that was that he might be allowed to wind his horn once more, and so sound his funeral dirge. "The horn was handed to him. He sounded it for the last time; and, as he drew from it the sad strains which

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sounded far and wide and were mournfully reëchoed by the distant hills, the dying warrior on the field of Lech lifted up his head, eagerly listening to the familiar bugle, and the soul which had come back to him for one instant took wings again as soon as the sad strains died away. At that moment Lehel broke away from his place, and seeing Conrad, his enemy, before him, felled him to the ground, killing him with a single blow from the heavy horn. 'Thou shalt go before me and be my servant in the other world,' cried Lehel. Thereupon he went to the place of execution." Moreover, we are solemnly told, in undeniable proof of this story, that "there is discernible on Lehel's horn to this day a large indentation which posterity attributes to the event just narrated."

The Hungarians were not content to remain long in the darkness and superstition of heathenism, for the good Bishop of Prague, St. Adalbert, before the close of the tenth century came to Hungary and baptized many of the leading people into the Christian faith.

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Of all his converts, there was one who was destined to exert a remarkable and lasting influence upon the nation which had so recently been born. He was the son of Duke Geyza, one of the reigning families of Hungary, and when he was baptized he was given the name of Stephen, after the first martyr. To the baptism of this noble youth, the Hungarian nation looks back with reverence and gratitude as the turning-point in its history; for young Stephen became, in course of time, King Stephen, and through his influence and powerful personality Hungary took her place among the ranks of the foremost nations of the West. He gave his name, indeed, to the whole country, for the nation is called interchangeably "the Kingdom of Hungary" and "the realm of St. Stephen." No Hungarian king comes to the throne, and is acknowledged the ruler of the nation, until he has been crowned with the identical crown of St. Stephen.

The 20th of August is "St. Stephen's Day," and is the greatest holiday of the year throughout the nation. Then his right hand,

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embalmed and sacredly preserved for nearly nine centuries, is carried through the streets of the capital, followed by a great and notable procession of the people, while devout religious ceremonies are performed, showing the gratitude of the people for their first Christian king.

“The crown lands of St. Stephen” is a name given to the dependencies of Hungary, and there is no more interesting relic in the treasure-chambers of all Europe than the crown itself, which first adorned the head of the sainted king. As indicating the Christian character of the converted nation, a picture of the Saviour is embedded in the crown, surrounded by the sun and moon and two trees, while the figures of the twelve apostles, each having an appropriate Latin inscription, are also found in the crown, which is encrusted with pearls and diamonds and precious stones. Besides these pictures are representations of the archangels, Michael and Gabriel; of the four saints, Damianus, Dominic, Cosmus, and George; of two Greek emperors, and the Hungarian king Geyza,

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father of St. Stephen. To this day the Catholic Church of Hungary holds vast amounts of property which were bequeathed by King Stephen in the early glow of his religious zeal.

The advice given by King Stephen to his son, as quoted by Professor Vámbéry, in his history of Hungary, is as noble and exalted as any advice that father ever gave to son: —

The time has arrived [said the king] to leave behind thee those pillows of luxuriousness which are apt to render thee weak and frivolous, to make thee waste thy virtues, and to nourish thee in thy sins. Harden thy soul in order that thy mind may attentively listen to my counsels. I command, counsel, and advise thee, above all, to preserve carefully the apostolic and Catholic faith if thou wishest thy kingly crown to be held in respect, and to set such an example to thy subjects that the clergy may justly call thee a Christian man, . . . for he who does not adorn his faith with good deeds — the one being a dead thing without the others — cannot rule in honor.

Another quotation from St. Stephen is worth recording in this connection, when so many Americans are afraid of the influx of foreigners from many lands, and desire to

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adopt, for selfish reasons, an exclusive policy toward worthy immigrants. Hungary was facing in St. Stephen's time some of the same problems; for foreigners, attracted by the growing glories of the nation and the prowess of her soldiers, were coming from many lands. Concerning them, St. Stephen says: —

The Roman Empire owed its growth, and its rulers their glory and power, chiefly to the numerous wise and noble men who gathered within its boundaries from every quarter of the world. . . . A country speaking but one language, and where uniform customs prevail, is weak and frail. Therefore I enjoin on thee, my son, to treat and behave towards them decorously, so that they shall more cheerfully abide with thee than elsewhere. For if thou shouldst spoil what I have built up, and scatter what I have gathered, thy realm would surely suffer great detriment from it. . . . I therefore beseech and enjoin upon thee, my beloved son, thou delight of my heart and hope of the coming generation, be above all gracious, not only to thy kinsmen, to princes, and to dukes, but also to thy neighbors and subjects; be merciful and forbearing, not only to the powerful, but to the weak; and, finally, be strong, lest good fortune elate thee, and bad fortune depress thee. Be humble, moderate, and gentle, be honorable and modest, for these virtues are the chief ornaments of the kingly crown.

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But the young prince was not destined to succeed his father, for he died in his early youth. The kingly crown, however, remained in the family for three hundred years, and during all these centuries the memory of St. Stephen laid a restraining and guiding hand upon his successors.

The first two centuries of the rule of the House of Árpád, founded by King Stephen, were centuries of almost universal and continual victory, marred, however, by more or less internal dissensions; but the power of the kings did not seriously decline until the third century after the dynasty was founded.

Many are the romantic incidents recorded of the kings of the House of Árpád. In spite of the dawn of Christianity and its growing power, those early days of Hungary were marked by cruelty and vindictiveness which is now almost unbelievable. Especially was this true of the degenerate days of the successors of St. Stephen.

Béla II, who reigned in the middle of the twelfth century, before he ascended the throne

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had both his eyes put out by his enemies, who belonged to the Diet or legislature of the country. On his succession to the throne, he professed to forgive his enemies, and summoned the lords to meet in council at Arad. Béla's queen, Ilona, was even more revengeful than himself, and after the Diet was assembled she described with pathos and eloquence the cruelties which had been practiced on her blind husband, and denounced with terrible effect the crimes of those who had blinded him. Then she gave the signal of revenge. The soldiers of the King picked out among the crowd of lords and courtiers the King's enemies who had formerly imprisoned and blinded him. The hall of legislature flowed with the blood of the lords, and the eyes of many who were spared never looked upon the light of the sun again.

With the decline of the royal power during the period of civil strife which followed, the contest was between the royal family and the nobles. Little by little the gentry waxed stronger than royalty, and at last wrung from the King, who at that time was Andrew II,

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one of the degenerate descendants of King Stephen, their Magna Charta. It was called "The Golden Bull," because the seal appended to the document by a silk string is inclosed in a golden box. This declaration of independence on the part of the nobles of Hungary secured for them, on paper at least, the rights for which they had been long struggling; but they had to continue the fight with King Andrew II and his son, Béla IV, and throughout all these years of contest the country of Hungary suffered untold miseries.

In the midst of civil strife the Mongols attacked the Hungarians, and the Hungarian army of fifty thousand warriors was almost wiped off the face of the earth. A contemporary writer, quoted by Professor Vámbéry, says: "During a march of two days, thou couldst see nothing along the roads but fallen warriors. Their dead bodies were lying about like stones in a quarry."

It seemed as though the last days of Hungary had come. Civil wars and foreign wars had devastated the land from the Carpathians

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to the Adriatic. The condition of the country was indeed deplorable. "Here and there," we are told by a writer of the day, "a tower, half-burnt and blackened by smoke, and rearing its head towards the sky, like a mourning flag over a funereal monument, indicated the direction in which King Béla, with a few of his followers, advanced after their defeat, into the heart of their once prosperous country. The highways were overgrown with grass, the fields white with bleaching bones, and not a living soul came out to meet them. And the deeper they penetrated into the land, the more terrible the sights they saw. When at last those who survived crept forth from their hiding-places, half of them fell victims to wild animals, starvation, and pestilence. The stores laid up by the tillers of the soil, the year before, had been carried away by the Mongols, and the little grain they could sow after the departure of the enemy had hardly sprung up when it was devoured by locusts. The famine assumed such frightful proportions that starving people, in their frenzy, killed each other, and it happened

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that men would bring to market human flesh for sale. Since the birth of Christ no country has ever been overwhelmed by such misery.”

But Hungary was great even in her defeat; and the fact that she recovered from these awful disasters and maintained her place among the family of nations, and became greater and more powerful than ever before, shows the inherent virility of the people whom disaster could not daunt. Béla the King himself showed his noblest characteristics in the days of the greatest disasters. He set to work to rebuild the nation, to bring artisans from other countries, to found new cities and give special privileges to the older ones, to fortify his country from attacks of the enemies. Within five years, so great was the recuperative power of the nation that it no longer feared its Mongol invaders.

Two or three rulers followed the succession of King Béla before the dynasty of Árpád was extinguished and the Italian, Charles Robert, the founder of the Hungarian Anjous,

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was chosen to succeed. Under the rule of the Anjous, Hungary again prospered, and advanced greatly in arts and sciences. Even Venice was conquered by the Hungarians, and the children of the nobility from various countries were sent to Hungary to be educated, in such high esteem was the culture of the nation held.

One of the kings of the House of Anjou, Sigismund by name, touches modern history in many points, for he was the king who offered to John Huss, the Bohemian patriot and reformer, safe-conduct to Constance, where the Reformed faith was on trial. Bohemia had now become a Protestant country; almost to a man they had embraced the tenets of Huss when the Catholic Church, in 1414, called the Council of Constance whose chief object was to destroy the new heresy and its adherents.

Sigismund, who at this time was not only the King of Bohemia but of Hungary as well, in spite of his guaranty of safe-conduct, delivered Huss to his enemies, and, as we have seen in another chapter, the great re-

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former became the great martyr of the Protestant faith. Sigismund had to suffer for his treachery, for Bohemia made war upon Hungary, while the Turks were planning a campaign against the southern portion of his country at the same time.

Servia, Moldavia, and Bosnia, the three states on the outskirts of Hungary, acknowledged the rule of Mohammed I, and new perils every day seemed to gather around Hungary. Sigismund, in spite of his treachery, was no coward. He was a strategist as well as a brave general. He conciliated and conquered the Czechs, the inhabitants of Bohemia, and conquered the Turks finally, after many defeats, and became the Emperor of Germany and the King of Hungary and Bohemia. But his was a troubled life to the very end, for though seemingly victorious everywhere, new complications constantly arose and new enemies appeared to take the place of those whom he conquered. Transylvania in the eastern section of Hungary was strongly Protestant; so he imposed the most burdensome taxes upon this part of his

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domain, until the people could stand it no longer and rose against their tyrants, killing the nobility and burning the villages in every direction. On his way to quell this uprising in Transylvania, Sigismund met the great Victor of mankind, whom he could not conquer. "It is rather saddening to reflect," says the historian, "that after a reign of fifty years, his funeral procession should have been lighted by the glare from the burning villages of Transylvania, set on fire by her own peasantry."

We now come to the Golden Age of Hungarian history, with the advent of John Hunyadi and his son Matthias, unless indeed we may say that the Golden Age of Hungary is in this twentieth century, for probably she has never been so prosperous, or her people more happy and progressive than at the present time. But in these prosaic days there is little that stirs the blood and arouses the imagination, while the years of the fifteenth century were essentially years of supreme daring and of martial glory, not unmixed

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with deeds of savage cruelty and barbarism.

In those days the poet, the artisan, the merchant, the statesman, had not come to their own; the successful soldier alone was considered the greatest of mankind, and to him every knee was bowed. On this account John Hunyadi, who was undoubtedly the greatest general of his age, came to the front, though his family was comparatively obscure and unknown until he made the name famous. He had enemies on every side. The Turks were constantly overrunning Hungary from the east, and laying waste its vassal states, while an equally persistent enemy of Hungary at this time was the Austrian power, always ready from its citadels in Vienna to take advantage of Hungary's distresses, and by sallying forth to add to her troubles.

The appearance of John Hunyadi upon the scene was most dramatic. The Hungarian troops were fighting the Turks near the fortress of Semendria, when a knight whom they had never seen before, to their know-

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ledge, bearing on his coat of arms a black raven with a gold ring in his beak, dashed into the fray. He seemed to be in all parts of the field of battle at the same time. The enemy were seized with panic, and the Hungarian troops had new courage put into their veins by the unexpected appearance. "The Turkish general," we are told, "with the remnant of his army fled in dismay, and from this day forward the name of the Raven Knight continued to be the terror of Turkish warriors." We need not say that this mysterious knight was John Hunyadi. He seems to have had many qualities in common with the great Napoleon, who more than three centuries afterwards astonished the world by his marvelous manœuvres, his sudden, unexpected appearances, carrying dismay to the enemy and new courage always to his friends and followers.

But not only have the Hungarian people reason to consider John Hunyadi as their great national hero, next to King and Saint Stephen perhaps the noblest Hungarian of them all, but the whole Christian world is

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indebted to him, and his name should be familiar to every schoolboy, for he it was, more than any other, who broke the power of the Turk in southeastern Europe, and prevented the Moslem hordes from overrunning every Christian land.

Moreover, he had to fight his battles almost alone. The other powers of Europe, though wealthy in promises, were very poor in performance, and sent but few troops to Hunyadi's aid. Poland, which was then united to Hungary under the same king, was the only exception to this rule. To be sure, it cannot be said that Hunyadi never lost a battle or suffered a defeat. He was sometimes in sore straits, but he was made of the stuff that never knew when he was defeated, and in good fortune and bad he continued to pound away at the Turkish armies, using all his military genius and strategy, as well as his almost superhuman courage, to conquer the enemy which all Europe feared and none save him dared attack.

At last came the decisive battle near Bel-

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grade, the present capital of Servia, in 1456. The Turks had marshaled one hundred and fifty thousand men to attack this important and strategic fortress. Hunyadi had but fifteen thousand of his own troops, supplemented by sixty thousand Crusaders, who were armed with scythes and pole-axes only, and who "were led by the sound of bells instead of words of military command." One would not think that such an army would be more effective than the troops that marched about the camp of Midian with pitchers and torches; but their zeal and fanaticism gave each of the Crusaders the strength of ten, and, under the unparalleled leadership of Hunyadi, they put to rout the vastly superior number of Turks, and saved Europe forever from the menace of Mohammedanism.

But the battle of Belgrade was his last. Suddenly as the Raven Knight came upon the field, so suddenly he died in the hour of victory. He never knew of the *Te Deums* that were sung throughout Europe, or of the grateful millions that blessed his name for relieving them from the fear of the Turk,

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which had so long been an incubus upon the activities and progress of all Europe.

It is not every great man who has a great son to succeed him, but Hunyadi was fortunate in this respect, as in so many others, and his son Matthias, because of the great deeds of his father, was raised to the Hungarian throne by the will of the people, and became, the historians tell us, the greatest king of whom Hungary can boast; at least he divides this honor with St. Stephen. He was a great soldier, like his father, from whom he inherited his abilities as a strategist and a general, and he combined with these statesmanship of a rare quality, which his father, who was never raised to the kingly throne, did not have a chance to exhibit.

Many interesting stories are told of Matthias, any one of which would furnish material for an interesting romance. A German bully, by the name of Holubar, on one occasion came to Buda, the capital of Hungary. He was so enormous in size, and his strength so far eclipsed that of all his combatants, that

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he was thought to be absolutely invincible in the tournaments; but Matthias, though he was king, was not afraid of him, and did not think he was demeaning himself to meet him in single combat. Holubar was afraid that he might in some way harm the King, and so expose himself to danger from the populace, and for a long time would not meet the King in combat; and when he did consent, he planned to use little of his great strength, but pretend to be overcome by the King's first attack. The King heard of this determination, and there vowed "By all the saints, that if he perceived Holubar doing this, he would have him executed, and at the same time make him swear that he would fight with him as if he were the knight's mortal enemy." "The contest took place in the presence of many thousands," we are told, "and many doubted the King's success, comparing the German giant with the middle-sized Matthias. The two combatants rushed at each other with tremendous thrusts; the steeled muscles of the King proved superior to the heavy bulk of his adversary, who

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reeled from his horse, struck by a heavy blow on the forehead, and lay with his arm broken, and fainting on the ground. . . . The King, having humiliated the bragging foreigner, sent him away with presents of horses, splendid dresses, and a large purse of money." It can be imagined that in those days, when personal prowess counted for so much, the King's combat with Holubar made him the idol of his nation.

Matthias seems to have disdained no hardship and to have been daunted by no peril. We are told that when fighting the Austrians at the siege of Vienna in 1485, he stole into the city in disguise. Made up for a countryman, with his basket of butter and eggs, he walked through the city, selling his eggs and at the same time finding out all the weak spots in the fortifications. He talked intimately with the common people. He heard what the military men were planning for the defense of the city, and after strolling out again with his empty basket, he laid his plans for the capture of the city, which were entirely successful.

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Though his father had broken the power of the Turks, they were not as yet wholly driven out of Europe, and he had many a battle with the Turkish forces in the eastern part of his domain. Learning a lesson from his successful experience with the Austrians before Vienna, he tried the same ruse on the Turkish camp, and, putting on the garments of a Turk, he went boldly into their camp to sell butter and eggs to them as well. He found the tent of the Sultan, and setting up his temporary market stayed there for a long time, nominally selling provisions, but really spying upon the camp and its defenses. The next day, when he returned to his own camp, he sent the Sultan the following letter: "Thou guardest thy camp badly, Emperor, and thou art thyself badly guarded. For yesterday I sat, even from morn until night, near thy tent, selling provisions. And lest thou doubttest my words, I will tell thee now what was served on thy table." It is said that the Sultan was so alarmed by this note, and so convinced of the important knowledge which Matthias must have ob-

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tained, that he at once broke camp, turned his back on Hungary, and sought the safer seclusion of his own country.

Like his father, Matthias had many Napoleonic qualities. The guards never knew where he would turn up next; in the middle of the night, in the early dawn, and at most unexpected times and places he might be seen, while in the midst of battle, when the cannon were belching out their loud-mouthed cries and the musketry were rattling on every side, he seemed to be able to sleep in perfect calm.

Matthias was great not only as a general and a warrior, but as a statesman and a ruler. It was necessary, perhaps, in those days that he should prove his prowess as a warrior and as a man of tremendous personal bravery and endurance before he could command full respect for his intellectual and moral powers. Those were the days, as we have said, when strength and valor reigned supreme. One of his captains, for instance, whom he raised from an obscure place to a prominent command, Kinizsy by name, we are told, was

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able to foot it through the national dance, holding the dead body of a full-grown Turk in his right hand, another in his left hand, and a third between his teeth. Horrible as such a spectacle would seem to a modern audience, in those ruder days it represented what was considered the crowning glory of personal strength and courage.

Not many great generals have made great kings or presidents, but this was an honor which can fairly be ascribed to Matthias, that he was as great on the throne as in the camp. The glory and splendor of his court may be indicated in some measure by the embassies which he sent in the latter part of the fifteenth century to Charles VIII of France. He collected three hundred horses, all of which were mated in color and size, on each of which sat a young man clothed in purple velvet. Long gold chains dangled from the sides of these attendants, and a crown of pearls was placed upon each head as they entered the cities through which they passed, while they took to the French king splendid horses, harnesses, robes richly embroidered,

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and many ornaments of gold and silver, all presents worthy of a great king to a great king.

Almost barbaric splendor was found in his palace at the capital city, Buda. Magnificent objects of art, costly and beautiful tapestries, precious stones, statues, and antique gems made this palace the most renowned of any in Europe. He had several royal residences, "which," we are told, "appeared like real fairy castles, with their hanging-gardens, fountains, fish-ponds, aviaries, game-parks, small pleasure-houses, arbors, and statues."

Unfortunately, Matthias left no son to succeed him. The glory of his house died with him, and the magnificent treasures that he had collected, and which made Hungary famous the world around, were soon scattered throughout Europe, for the rulers who succeeded Matthias were as feeble as he and his father had been powerful.

The years that followed were, indeed, sad ones for Hungary. Intrigue followed intrigue, weak ruler succeeded weak ruler. The country went into a steady and disastrous

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decline. The Turks again menaced her frontiers, until, in the disastrous battle of Mohács, only a little more than a generation after the death of Matthias, the Hungarian army was defeated and almost annihilated by the Sultan Solyman, with an army of three hundred thousand Turks. Even Buda the capital was captured, and it seemed as though all that had been gained by the bravery and martial prowess of Hunyadi and Matthias was lost.

For one hundred and fifty years the Turkish flag waved over the battlements of the capital of Hungary. The nation was almost wiped off the earth. No capable general or ruler arose during these years, though Hungary showed in many a battle that courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism still found lodgment in the hearts of the common people. The Turks became so bold that they actually attacked the city of Vienna, and it looked once more as though they would overrun Europe. Again the Hungarians were called upon to defend the liberties of the country and the cause of Christianity in many nations,

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and though no great leader arose to command their forces, individual captains and people who were willing to lay down their lives for the cause of country and Christianity always prevented the Turks from gaining the complete triumph which they desired, and sweeping over the unprotected countries to the west. It would take many pages to tell of the heroic deeds that strewed the pages of history in this century and a half of national decline.

Finally the last great undertaking of the Moslems was begun, and the Sultan, Mohammed IV, with two hundred and fifty thousand men and three hundred cannon, in the spring of 1683 appeared under the walls of Vienna; but Providence raised up a commander for the Christian forces, in John Sobieski, King of Poland, of whom we have learned in another chapter. The Turkish troops were defeated with tremendous slaughter, leaving sixty thousand men dead upon the field. "This was the last great campaign undertaken by the Osmanlis against the Western world. They could never re-

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cuperate from the effects of the defeat then suffered, and the great calamity which befell the Turkish power rendered it at length possible for Hungary, the bulwark of Christianity, which had been the scene of continual war during a century and a half, to regain her liberty."

It can be imagined that the condition of Hungary, after this century and a half of misrule and defeat, overrun by hordes of Turkish soldiers, distracted by civil dissensions at home and the constant battles with savage foes from abroad, was pitiable indeed. "While the Moors," we are told, "had immortalized their name by memorials of a grand civilization, leaving behind them flourishing and wealthy cities, numerous works of art and marvels of architecture, the Turks left Hungary ruined and devastated. Throughout the whole territory of the reconquered country only a few miserable villages could be met here and there, population had sunk to the lowest ebb, endless swamps covered the fertile soil of the once flourishing Alföld, and the genius of the Hungarian nation had

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now to engage in the arduous labor of subduing, by the arts of peace and civilization, the sterile waste they had regained at last by their bravery and endurance. The work, hard as it was, was done. For a century and a half the severe task of colonizing and civilizing has been going on bravely, until finally that tract of land, which they recovered from the Turks an uninhabited desert, has grown to be populous, flourishing, and one of the richest granaries of Europe."

A new chapter in the history of Hungary was opened when, after the defeats of Belgrade and Mohács, the Hungarians were obliged to seek an alliance with a foreign power. Naturally they turned to the great House of Hapsburg, which ruled at that time Austria, Germany, the Netherlands, and Spain, together with Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia. It was by far the greatest nation of the world, but the ever-present menace of the Turks threw Hungary into the arms of the Austrians, whose alliance for centuries was scarcely less disastrous than would have

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been an alliance with the Turks. The Turks were particularly averse to an extension of the power of Austria, and constantly made incursions into Hungary, for the sake of weakening not only Hungary herself, but through her the Hapsburg Dynasty. The poor country was, indeed, between the upper and the nether millstone.

It is scarcely worth while, in this brief summary, to dwell long upon these unhappy years. There was but one bright spot within the former domains of Hungary, and that was in the far eastern section, called Transylvania. The hardy people of this region had embraced, more largely than any other part of Hungary, the Reformed religion. They were led by brave and powerful dukes. Even in the darkest days they never yielded wholly to the power of Turk or German, but the independence of Transylvania was maintained when all else seemed lost. In the meantime the Hungarian Protestants, who at one time were largely in the majority, were harried by the Austrian tyrants, and Transylvania alone seemed to be a bulwark for the Reformed

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faith. The ancient constitution of Hungary was entirely ignored. Foreign soldiery from many countries were quartered upon the poor people, who were taxed to death to pay their oppressors. At last the Hungarian constitution was actually abolished, and Hungary became a province of Austria.

All Europe, however, began at last to receive new ideas. The common people were coming to their own. The French Revolution was symptomatic of the unrest of every European country. Hungary shared in the reaction against the privileged classes, though their authority was much more absolute, and the power of the people at this time, after centuries of disaster, less able to cope with the nobility than in France.

During all these years, until 1780, the Austrian kings had shown enough deference to Hungarian sentiment to be crowned with the sacred crown of St. Stephen. No other piece of the jeweler's art was probably ever so revered as this crown. For hundreds of years, to the present day, the Hungarians have regarded it as the very symbol of

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their national existence. Only once in his lifetime was the king allowed to wear it, and on that occasion he was obliged by the constitution to swear fealty to the people over whom he was to reign. In other countries the people swear allegiance to the king; in Hungary the king swears allegiance to the people.

Though the Austrian rulers forgot their vows and disregarded their oaths, yet until the time of Maria Theresa they all went through the form of being crowned with the tiara of St. Stephen, and of promising fealty and allegiance to the Hungarian people. Maria Theresa's son, however, Joseph II, who became king in 1780, refused to be crowned. He was a far better man than those who had preceded him, and he evidently had conscientious scruples about taking an oath which he did not mean to observe and which the former kings had utterly ignored. He introduced many wise reforms, and evidently desired to do his best for his people; but his refusal to be crowned displeased them, and they never called him their crowned king, but simply the "hatted king."

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Together with his wise measures and the greatly needed reforms in church and state which he advocated, he proposed many foolish laws, which simply irritated the people and destroyed the effect of his wise progressiveness. One of these foolish regulations, which might be compared to cutting off the top-knots of the Koreans,—an act which so exasperated them in the early days of Japanese rule,—was that the dead, instead of being placed in coffins, should be sewed up in sacks and thus buried, in order that the boards of which coffins had been made might be saved, and the forests economized for other purposes than burying the dead. This foolish piece of penny-wise economy, together with many other similar edicts, cost the King his popularity among the people; but more especially when he commanded them to drop their loved Hungarian tongue and adopt German as their national language did they rise up in their impotent wrath, for they were not strong enough to overthrow him.

Other wicked and weak rulers followed

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Joseph II, and it seemed as though the troubles of this devoted country would never come to an end; but a people so virile could not be absolutely crushed. Misfortune was powerless to destroy their inborn love of liberty, and to Stephen Széchenyi must be accorded the name of the Regenerator of Hungary. He gave his money freely, and kindled like desire on the part of other men of wealth to arouse the national spirit to preserve the national language and to make Hungary again a centre of learning and of science. He was the first of the great lords who dared to speak in Parliament in his own native tongue, where Latin had hitherto been used. His influence was enormous, and from the day he took his place in the Hungarian Diet in 1825, the revival of the Hungarian national spirit may be said to have dated. Yet Széchenyi was a conservative and not a radical, in spite of his innovations, and it required a more daring spirit still to complete the regeneration of Hungary.

Such a man was found in Louis Kossuth, a man who sprung from the people to tell

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them of their rights, and to lead them to final victory in achieving them. Széchenyi was too conservative for him to follow, for "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the watchwords of the French Revolution, were the mottoes of this new apostle of liberty. There are not a few Americans still living who remember the wonderful eloquence of Louis Kossuth. Probably no foreigner ever visited this country who aroused his audiences to such a pitch of enthusiasm as did this Hungarian exile. It may not be known to many, however, that he gained his wonderful command of the English language, and his power to move audiences in this country and in Great Britain by his persuasive eloquence, while he was in a Hungarian prison, for the revolution which he planned and conducted proved at first to be a failure. The reactionary powers were too strong for him. To be sure, his troops won many victories, especially under the lead of Görgei, and even Buda, the capital, was taken from the Austrian troops; but at last Austria persuaded Russia to come to her help, and two hundred thousand Cossacks crossed

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the borders of Hungary and with nearly half as many Austrians attacked and finally routed the Hungarian army, exhausted as it had become in its many encounters with the Croats and Slavs. Kossuth fled to Turkey and afterwards visited England and the United States, for Hungary at this juncture seemed to be completely under the power of Austria, her old-time ally, who proved to be her hardest taskmaster.

But Kossuth had not failed. Though defeated, the cause for which he strove was not killed. The spirit of the people was aroused. Their love of freedom could not be quenched, and at length the Austrian Government found that its best plan was to conciliate rather than to antagonize so powerful and patriotic a people. One by one their rights and privileges were restored to them. In 1861 the old constitution was given back to Hungary, and the Hungarian legislature assembled once more in its own capital. This legislature demanded the fullest autonomy for Hungary, a demand which was not at once acceded to; but when Austrian troubles in-

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creased, and the Austrians were defeated at Sadowa by Prussia, they concluded that it was best to grant to Hungary all that the Hungarians demanded rather than to witness a further dismemberment of their empire. In June, 1868, Emperor Francis Joseph I was crowned King of Hungary, and the two nations, Austria and Hungary, on an equal footing began their united career. "We have no Emperor," proudly say the Hungarians; "the Austrians have an Emperor, and we have a King; but our King swears allegiance to his people and not the people to the King."

Though there has been much friction at times, and many hot debates and scenes of violence in the Hungarian parliament, this dual arrangement has so far worked for the benefit of Hungary. It will last, doubtless, so long and only so long as it proves to be for the substantial benefit of a country which, amid all its vicissitudes for a thousand years, has shown itself to be indomitable in its love for liberty, in its hatred of oppression, and in its purpose, even in its darkest days, to remain a free and independent nation.

XI

HUNGARY — THE AMERICA OF THE OLD WORLD

Points of Resemblance — The Cosmopolitan Make-up of Hungary — The Assimilative Powers of Hungarians — The Irresistible Contagion of the Magyar — The Variety of Climate and Production — The Constant Tide of Emigration — The Contrast between Magyar and Slav — The Hungarian Noble — The Magnates — The Position of Women — "I kiss your Hand" — Love of Education — Illiteracy of Eastern Church — Higher Education — Hungary's Great Poet — Her Novelists — The Newspaper of Hungary — Hospitable to Foreigners — A Support of the Hapsburg Dynasty — The Eloquent Hungarian — Hungary's Great Resources.

IN studying the characteristics of the Hungarians, both from the printed page and by personal intercourse with them in their own land, I have been struck with their many points of resemblance to Americans. If there is any country which may be called "The America of the Old World," it is that compact kingdom which lies in the heart of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. The cosmopolitan make-up of the people is like America. The Magyars themselves, the true Hungarians, are a mixed race like our own, and

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the nation has inherited the best blood of many peoples since their early ancestors came down from the Asiatic plateaus of the Ural Mountains, crossed the steppes of Russia, and drove out or assimilated the peoples whom they found on the banks of the fair Danube.

In their assimilative powers, too, the Hungarians have shown their likeness to America, or, since they are the older nation, perhaps we should say that America, in absorbing so many races, making of all of them good Americans, has shown its likeness to Hungary. The Slavs are of many varieties. Slovaks, Slovenians, Ruthenians, Croats, and Servians are found within the borders of the crown lands of Hungary. Though some of these races are making a brave fight to maintain their individuality, and though the racial consciousness has been awakened in many quarters of late years, yet of all the many peoples within the borders of Austria-Hungary, the Magyars show the greatest assimilative qualities. Their language is the dominant one. They are fore-

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most in politics and the industries of the country, and multitudes who were not born to the Magyar speech use that tongue in all the daily transactions of life, just as Germans, Scandinavians, Italians, and Greeks after a little speak only English when they come to America. Even the Jews often adopt Magyar Christian names, to show their fealty to the dominant race of Hungary, and in many quarters the German is resented as unpatriotic, and French and English are much preferred to the language of the Teutons.

Says a distinguished writer: "It is agreed by many foreigners living in Hungary that there is a contagion about the nationalist aspiration which is almost irresistible. In no country in the world are there to be seen so many divers races making one (despite local jealousies) in their support of Hungarian national tradition, and all are as vehement in their advocacy of Hungarian independence as the Magyars themselves. Jews and Germans swell with patriotic pride over their ancient constitution, and more than one instance could be cited of Hungarian patriots

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(some well known as the exponents of the Magyars to Europe) who have not one drop of Magyar blood. The contagion, the attraction, are in the Magyar people themselves, and surely in this magic quality lies the secret of their success."

In the variety of its climate and its productions, Hungary bears some relation to America. Though comparatively small when placed side by side with the nation that stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it is yet larger than Great Britain, Italy, or Austria, and ranks seventh among the nations of Europe in the number of square miles. In the varieties of climate found within its borders, it more resembles America than in the extent of its territory; for the traveler can go in a comparatively few hours from the sub-tropical regions of Dalmatia, like Ragusa and Abbazia, to the sub-Arctic regions of the high Carpathians, and in that journey he will find almost every kind of vegetation that grows in the United States, from the orange and lemon of Florida to the hard "A No. 1" wheat of the Northwest.

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Perhaps because of these similarities between the two countries, America of late years has proved to be a great magnet, drawing the Hungarian peoples from their Alföld, or prairies, to the virgin prairies of the new world. In 1906, 168,000 Hungarians landed in America; and though the figures vary according to the prosperity (or lack of prosperity) in the two countries, yet doubtless for many years to come there will be a constant outflow of hardy Hungarians to the country in the new world, in which they will find so many characteristics that will remind them of their old home. A few years ago the Government of Hungary became quite alarmed at the steady increase of emigration to America, and tried in various ways to stem the tide. They forbade lectures concerning the new world, and advertisement of the steamship companies which carried the emigrants. These efforts doubtless succeeded in keeping at home many thousands, but will scarcely affect, to any considerable extent, or for any great length of time, the mighty stream of emigration.

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The leading characteristics of the Magyars are brought out in striking contrast when we consider them in relation to the people of other races with whom they live side by side. For the most part these are Slavs, and the difference between the Slavic temperament and the Magyar is noticeable even to the hasty traveler. Each race has its virtues and each its easily besetting sins. Each, in a measure, balances and supplements the other; and if they could be induced to live in harmony and peace, and could sink their racial animosities, they would form, perhaps, the strongest combination in all Europe.

The Magyars are virile and strong, even with the substratum of ferociousness, as their early history shows before they were tamed by the gentler ways of modern civilization. The Slavs are dreamy and imaginative. The Magyars were nomads, originally, who pastured great flocks and herds; while the Slavs were agriculturists, and tilled the ground where they made their permanent homes. The Magyar nature is aristocratic, and the "great nobles" or "Magnates," as they are

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called, from the earliest days of their history down to the present time have exerted a tremendous influence upon the government of the state and its social organizations. The Slavs are far more democratic by nature. They have resented the trammels of a strong government, which the Hungarians have always been willing to endure, provided that government was their own, and provided they did not have to bow the knee to a foreign power. For this reason the Slavs of Hungary have always been at a disadvantage, politically, and have lived under the shadow of the stronger and more warlike race that believed in a strong and centralized government.

Throughout all its history, in its evil days and its prosperous days, in its many disasters brought upon it by foes within and foes without, Hungary has maintained its individuality. It is characteristic of the people that in the ancient times a bloody sword was sent around as a token of war, and the levy in the time of the great King Matthias called for one in twenty to serve the country in the army, though often a far larger proportion were

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drafted in times of war. The word "hus" means twenty, and because one in twenty was drafted, we have our modern word "hussars," which has come down to us from the days of the great Hungarian King.

Thus, while the other races of Hungary are fragments of a greater whole, Hungary is and always has been, with the exception of some brief interregnums in its history, a complete and independent nation. Its power of recuperation from disaster has been remarkable. In the Middle Ages the Hungarian nation numbered over five millions of people. The long, long wars with the Turks succeeded, and the five millions of Magyars were reduced to about half that number in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but as soon as comparative peace smiled upon Hungary again, the nation, which had been harried and decimated by centuries of war, at once gathered its forces together, renewed its youth, and multiplied its population, until now there are nearly twice as many who boast of Magyar blood as in the palmiest days of the Middle Ages.

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All the children of nobility in Hungary take their father's rank. In England, only the eldest son inherits his father's titles and the entailed estates of the family. As a result, there is a multitude of nobles in Hungary, many of whom are very poor, and some of whom are ignorant; nevertheless, their social rank is maintained and admitted by the peasants. These are the "smaller nobles," while the "Magnates," or "great nobles," are few in number and exceedingly aristocratic. It is said that the lesser nobles are afraid to associate with the great nobles for fear they may have to show them a deference which they do not admit is their due. The women are especially afraid of this intercourse, lest they be addressed by the too presuming "you," instead of "thou," which is used between equals.

The smaller nobles go into politics and, to some extent, into trade and commerce, which the Magnates despise, for the most part. In former days this attitude toward the work of the world resulted in many cases in a frivolous, useless life on the part of the descend-

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ants of the greatest families, — a tendency, I am told, which is being corrected in these days, as the great nobles realize their responsibilities and are stirred with nobler feelings of truer patriotism.

The position of woman in Hungary has always been a noble one, and here again we may say there is an evident point of contact between the Hungarian and the American in the respect and honor which is accorded to the gentler sex. Even the meanest employee kisses the hand of the mistress of the house, not in degrading servility but as a kindly and gracious courtesy. A lady from America, in visiting Hungary, is often rather embarrassed by this unusual attention, as her hand is grasped by all classes and conditions of people, and a fervent kiss implanted upon its back. In the higher circles, however, a compromise is often effected in these days, and as the lady's hand is taken, the gentleman says, with great grace and impressiveness, "I kiss your hand," and allows it to go at that.

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In their love for education, too, we find another point of contact between the Hungarians and the Americans. Though decimated and impoverished by centuries of war, the desire to have their children educated and obtain a good start in life never died out of the Hungarian heart, and the percentage of illiterates, now that the nation has become prosperous, is being cut down with very gratifying and speedy regularity. The Germans of Hungary are still slightly ahead in the percentage of those who can read and write, though the Magyars are rapidly overtaking them, and at the present rate of progress they will soon be (if they are not already) among the best educated races of Europe.

When we consider the progress of education in the outlying provinces of the Magyar land, we find that there is still much to be desired. In the whole Hungarian kingdom, something over sixty per cent of the inhabitants can read and write; but the percentage is constantly growing, and it must also be remembered that the illiteracy in Croatia, Slavonia, and the more backward parts of the

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kingdom greatly reduces the percentage in the whole country.

There is also a great difference in this respect between the Western and Eastern churches of Hungary. In the Western churches, which comprise the Reformed, the Lutheran, the Roman Catholic, and the Unitarian, over seventy-one per cent of the people read and write; while in the Eastern churches, represented by the Russian and Greek Orthodox communions, according to the last statistics, only twenty-two per cent can read and write. The Jews present the highest proportion of educated people, more than eighty-three per cent of them being able to master the printed page. The Evangelical Protestants come next, and are less than one per cent behind their Jewish neighbors.

In higher education, too, Hungary is making rapid progress. There are fifty-nine institutes of university status in Hungary proper, though forty-six of these are theological colleges, which would seem to be a great disproportion, according to American ideas; but there are many sects in Hungary, and each

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one must have its own theological faculties. There is a great desire to establish more universities for science and the classics; and there is evident need of this when we remember that the University of Science in Budapest enrolls over seven thousand pupils, a number which is constantly increasing. The inherent love of the Magyars for education is shown in the rapid advance of university extension, which recently enrolled in its classes among the common people no less than three hundred and thirty-seven thousand pupils.

When we come to the higher realms of literature, though the Hungarian writers have not as yet made a great impression upon other lands, the nation has had noble authors who deserve to be better known and in a wider circle.

Petőfi is the great national poet of Hungary, his countrymen claiming that he ranks with Shakespeare and Goethe. He fired the hearts of the Hungarians to stand for liberty in the Revolution of '48, and though at first all seemed to be lost, his patriotic verses

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rang in the hearts of the Magyar people until they attained the liberty for which he sung but which he never lived to see.

Jean Arany and Vörösmarty are also reckoned as poets of national stature and of international fame, while the novelists Jokai, Kemény, and Eötvös are held in high esteem by all who can read their novels in the original. The genius of the Hungarian language makes it difficult to translate into other tongues, and on this account the niceties of expression and the beauties of form are often lost when translations are attempted.

The libraries of Hungary, too, are no mean addition to its literary life. The Hungarian National Museum at Budapest contains a million and a half volumes, pamphlets, and manuscripts, "preserving many of the oldest monuments of the Hungarian language, as well as a host of manuscripts invaluable from the point of view of Hungarian literature and history."

The circulation of the newspapers, while it may not argue much for the literary taste of the Hungarians, declares them to be a read-

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ing nation, for the latest statistics available show that over one hundred and fifty millions of newspapers were delivered through the Hungarian post-office in a single year, in addition to the unknown millions which were sold locally and delivered at the houses by newsboys. A large proportion of these newspapers are in the Magyar language, though the German is well represented, with a smaller number in Croatian, Slovak, Roumanian, and Servian.

The prophets of evil frequently announce the downfall of the United States, because of the great number of alien peoples who are constantly coming to our shores. In their gloomy croakings they tell us that we can never absorb them, and that they will be our overthrow and ruin, because of their antagonistic qualities.

We may gain some comfort, however, from the history of Hungary, which, as I have already said, is a nation of mixed races, and has gained its strength largely from the infusion of foreign blood in the original stock.

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Says an eminent Hungarian, Dr. Julius de Vargha, the Director of the Statistics of the Kingdom of Hungary: —

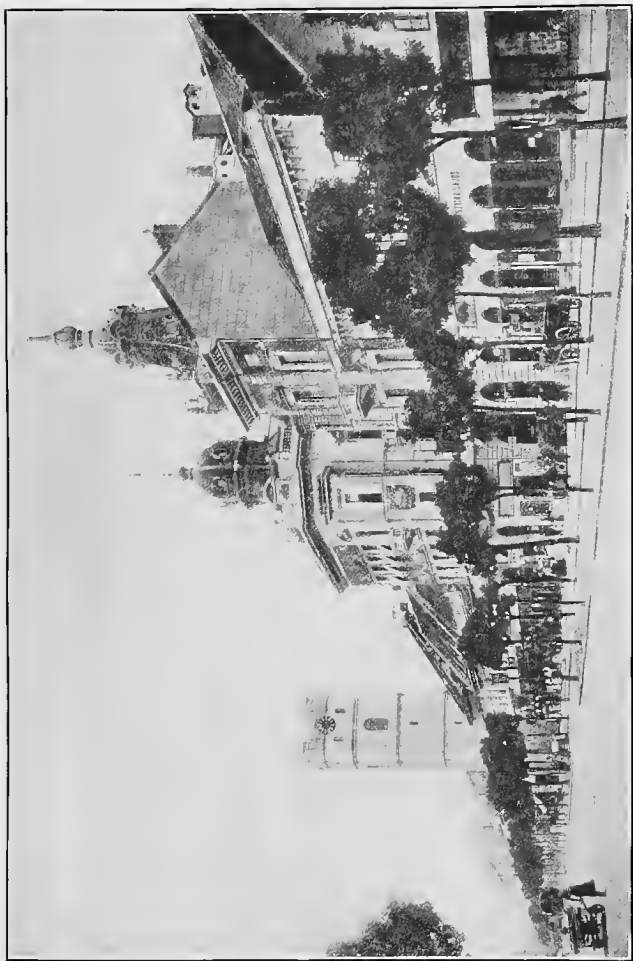
The Hungarian (Magyar) nation of to-day is no longer an Asiatic people, but a European nation composed of the intermingling of various races under the influence of the natural conditions prevailing in the country. . . . Mighty conquering peoples — the Goths, Franks, Lombards, Normans, and, of the Hunno-Scythian peoples, the Bulgarians — became completely absorbed in the conquered races: only the Hungarians have succeeded in maintaining their racial individuality, despite the intermixture of blood. . . . The Hungarian nation, which on obtaining possession of its new home was thrown on a huge ocean of foreign races, owes its preservation as a nation entirely to the fact that it was never exclusive. It was never in favor of racial exclusiveness, and was always only too glad to receive into its ranks the best sons of other races. The selected representatives of foreign people brought with them the best characteristics of their own race, and helped to form a strong, hardy, almost indomitable nation, which was able to endure terrible catastrophes that would have wiped other peoples entirely off the face of the globe.

In another chapter some of these catastrophes, entailed by the long and bloody wars with the Turks, have been related.

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You cannot insult a true Magyar more than by intimating that his nation is in any way subject to Austria, and that he belongs to the Austrian Empire. Yet in spite of this independence, which sometimes is carried to an almost absurd extreme, the Hungarian Kingdom seems to be the strongest support of the Hapsburg Monarchy. We may believe, however, that it is only because the Emperor is wise enough to treat the Magyars as an independent nation.

In the many-tongued monarchy at present under the rule of the House of Hapsburg [says Dr. Vargha], it is the Hungarian nation whose interests and national ambitions are identical with the interests of the dynasty, and do not act as a centrifugal force. However strong the specially Austrian traditions may be, the Germans (in Austria-Hungary) stand under the alluring influence of the splendor and power of the great German empire. The Italians long to join Italy; the Slovenians, Croatians, and Servians dream of the establishment of a great Southern Slav Empire; the Roumanians are drawn towards the independent Kingdom of Roumania. The Hungarians (Magyars) alone are possessed of no dreams of disintegration: their past, present, and future binds them to their present home; and they are, consequently, the firmest pillar of the House of Hapsburg.



A STREET IN DEBRECZEN

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To prove that the Hungarians are an eloquent race, we need only point to the long array of great orators, some of whom, like Kossuth of a former generation and Apponyi of the present day, are almost as well known in America as in Hungary. I recently attended the meeting of the synod of the Reformed Church of Hungary in the city of Debreczen, where Kossuth, nearly seventy years ago, proclaimed the absolute independence of the Hungarian nation at the beginning of his valiant but ill-fated struggle for liberty. The great Reformed Church building where the independence of Hungary was proclaimed still stands; and as I listened to the eloquent words of the members of the synod, drawn from all parts of the kingdom, I realized that Kossuth's mantle had fallen upon more than one of his compatriots of the present day, and that, if need were, many another voice would be lifted with equal effect for the national freedom which, at last, after so many struggles, seems to be assured to the brave people of Hungary.

Another likeness to America is found in

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the vast stores of coal and iron that Hungary contains, two products which lie at the very base of industrial expansion. With the splendid prairies of the lowlands, prairies with soil as deep and rich as that of Iowa; with coal and iron mines which have not yet begun to be developed; with an enterprising and progressive people; with a mighty river like the Danube to transport the products of industry to the sea; with a magnificent system of railroads, divided into zones, which makes transportation cheaper than in any other land, the future industrial and commercial progress of Hungary would seem to be assured. There are few countries in the world with greater natural advantages, none perhaps with a more beautiful and stately capital, none with a more enterprising and virile people. May the future of Hungary be worthy of the distinguished favors which have been heaped upon it by a kind and generous Providence!

XII

THE CROATS IN CROATIA AND IN AMERICA

A Surprisingly Beautiful City—A Spot of Pathetic Interest—A Musical Language—A Hard Stepmother—Too Many Eggs in One Basket—The Terribly Barren Karst—Three Hundred Thousand Croats in America—The Peasant Life of Croatia—The Peasant Girl and her Marriage Chest—Notes of a Croatian School-Teacher—The Sad Departure of the Emigrant—The Sorrowful Friends at Home—The Good Old Days—The Contributions sent to the Old Home—The Heartache and the Hope.

I SHALL not soon forget my surprise on reaching Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, one November afternoon, to find a city so beautiful and substantial. I must confess that my geographical knowledge had not made me thoroughly acquainted with this metropolis; and under the German name, Agram, by which I had formerly known it, I had thought of it as a third-rate provincial city, scarcely worthy of a traveler's time and money. Judge, then, of my mild amazement when I found a charming city, with all the conveniences and many of the luxuries of modern city life, a city that would rank for beauty and enterprise with any of the

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smaller capitals of Europe. Here is a fine art museum, handsomely housed, a prosperous university with hundreds of students, a beautiful park with handsome statues of Croatian worthies, a South Slav Academy of Arts and Sciences, and excellent industrial and trade schools. All this profusion of monumental buildings for art and literature greets the traveler when first he leaves the railway station, and gives him an impression of a cultured people with a distinct individuality and national life of its own.

Further back towards the hillside which is climbed by the residential section of Zagreb (I prefer to give the capital the Croatian name) is a busy retail street and an interesting market-place that centres around the heroic statue of Ban Jellačić, the great national hero of Croatia. Beyond the market-place is a handsome Gothic cathedral, reminding one not a little of Cologne's masterpiece.

But the spot of supreme pathetic interest to me in Zagreb is an old church of the thirteenth century, called St. Mark's. It is small and battered, but it marks the last stand

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of the Croats for independence. In the pavement in front of the church are five holes sacred in the eyes of all Zagrebians, for here were set the five iron posts to which was bound the last Croatian king. Fagots were piled up around him and set on fire, and the old king was burned alive. But the spirit of liberty did not die with him. The intensity of the national spirit of the Croats is surprising, considering that for nearly a thousand years they have been subject to other powers. Their language, their customs, their dress, are as dear to them as ever.

Nowhere in all Europe does one see such picturesque peasant costumes as in Croatia. White or very light colors predominate, relieved by beautiful colored embroidery. The Croatian language, too, is one of the most musical of all Slav tongues, abounding in open vowels. This language is used in their schools, as well as in their courts, and there seems to be little danger of its being lost to the world.

Most of the time for the last nine hundred years Croatia has been united to Hungary,

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a country which, it must be confessed, has been a hard stepmother at times. This is not to be wondered at, perhaps, when we remember all the provocation that she has had. In the revolution of 1848-49, for instance, when Hungary was making her brave fight for freedom under Kossuth and the other patriots, Croatia sided with Austrian tyrants and helped the Hapsburgs to put a galling yoke on the neck of Hungary. The Croats, however, did not gain much; for though they were free from Hungarian dominion for a season of years, and enjoyed for a little time a practical independence, yet in 1868 Croatia was given back to Hungary. "We hate the Hungarians and fear the Austrians," said an intelligent Croat to me. It is somewhat difficult for a stranger to understand the reason for this racial dislike of the Hungarians, since Croatia now enjoys a large degree of autonomy. Indeed, her relation to Hungary, as one of the "crown lands of St. Stephen," is very much the same as the relation of Hungary to Austria. In postal and military affairs Hungary and Croatia are united under

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one system, but in religious and educational matters Croatia is quite independent. Her own beloved language is used in the schools. The towns have Croatian names, though sometimes supplemented by German names in German guide-books. The streets of Zagreb are named in Croatian and after Croatian heroes.

Croatia suffers, like most of the countries of southeastern Europe, because too much of the wealth and intelligence of the country is centred in the capital. Too many of her eggs are in one basket, so to speak. Her culture and education are not diffused as they should be through the country districts. Much of the country, especially the western and seashore districts, is poor and sterile and mountainous. In thousands of acres of the so-called Karst or limestone district not a blade of grass has courage to peer between the rocks in this hideous desolation. It is from this region naturally that emigration to the United States has chiefly taken place, and it is said, though it is somewhat difficult to untangle the nationalities from this part

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of the world in the Census Reports, that there are at least three hundred thousand Croatians living to-day in America. Though most of them are farmers at home, they flock to the coal, iron, and copper mines of America, lured by the high wages, and undeterred by the hardships which they know will be theirs. If this living Croatian river could be directed to the fertile prairies of the Dakotas and Nebraska, it would be a blessing not only to the Croats, but to these prairie states as well.

I would not give the impression that the Croatian peasants are undesirable immigrants, by any means. There are few better. They have the virtues developed by poverty and a hard struggle with human enemies. For centuries they were, with the Hungarians and Transylvanians, part of the long bulwark of Christianity against the Turk, and it is their proud boast that they never came under the power of Islam. Few in our day realize what Europe, and America as the heir of Europe, owe to these intrepid Christians, against whom the tide of Mohammed-

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anism broke in vain for many centuries. Had they given way and let in the Mussulman horde, the history of civilization would have been written in darker and bloodier characters.

The peasant life of Croatia, though poor and illiterate, is by no means hopeless. We must rid ourselves of the idea that to read and write are the only essential elements of an education. Though of the older peasants of Croatia less than half can read or write their own names, yet we have pleasant pictures of their gathering in groups on winter evenings to listen while some one reads to them, not only the newspapers, but translations of Tolstoy, Turgenieff, and Dostoyevsky. Who will say that men and women who can appreciate such modern classics are not quite as well educated as young Americans, who have been through nine grades of the public schools and then find their literary aspirations fully satisfied, as many of them do, by a yellow journal or a "penny dreadful"?

Many of the Croatian farmhouses are by

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no means inhospitable in their appearance. They are built of brick or wattle, covered with plaster and often painted a bright color. Around them are frequently clustered comfortable outhouses for the cattle, while a number of little shelters for the hay, sometimes a score of them on one farm, seem to be a peculiarity of Croatia.

Very likely you will see a gayly clad peasant girl watching her geese or her sheep while she industriously knits a long gray stocking, and you may know that she is making part of her wedding trousseau. She may be but six or eight years of age, but she has already begun the unending *click, click, click* of the knitting needles, with which she must provide part of her bridal costume; for the unwritten law of the land prescribes that when she gets married, she shall have stockings enough knit to last her husband as well as herself the rest of their lives. Indeed, her chest must contain a complete outfit for the bridegroom as well as for herself, — jacket, underwear, shoes, and cap, — while he is not expected to bring any-

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thing to his prospective bride. The parents of the happy couple usually arrange the details of the marriage in advance, going very minutely into every question that ought to be considered. Finally, the most interested parties are brought together, when the parents have arranged all details, and the young man presents his future wife with an apple, while she returns the favor with a handkerchief, and the engagement is complete. This is a reversal of the Adam and Eve story, and we may hope that the fruit is never an apple of discord.

Though not strictly of the same stock, a few words about our neighbors from Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina may not be out of place in this connection. Dalmatia is the long narrow strip of seacoast fronting the Adriatic, back of which lie the homes of the peasants of whom I have been writing, as well as the provinces of Bosnia-Herzegovina, which Austria annexed as recently as 1908, after having "administered" them for many years.

Dalmatia is a frightfully sterile country in

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many parts, but extremely picturesque, and richer in antiquities than almost any part of the earth's surface. Ruined castles and temples and palaces that date back to the heroic days of Rome line the shore; and as I have described in another chapter, no more fascinating journey can be made than down the island-sheltered shore of Dalmatia, until one comes to the inhospitable Black Mountains of Montenegro, which of course lie outside of the boundaries of Austria-Hungary.

The emigration from these sections of the empire has been small, scarcely totaling thirty thousand in the ten years between 1899 and 1909, which seems strange when we remember how great are the numbers sent to America from the rest of Austria. Though the Dalmatians are Slavs, there is an admixture of Greek and Latin blood. From the north of the Dalmatian coast come to America many Italians; for Trieste, as we shall see in another chapter, is an Italian city on Austrian soil, but these new fellow citizens have all the characteristics of those who come from Italy proper.

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I am tempted to quote at some length from some "notes" written by a Croatian school-teacher.¹ They present the matter of emigration from the inside so graphically that I believe no one can read them without having kindled in his soul a new interest in the word "Americans."

To-day they are telling in the village that fifteen are going to Fiume to-morrow by the early train, — men, women, and young girls on their way to America. They were all blessed by the priest after mass. The prayer for their happiness away from home was very moving. All who knelt before the altar were pale, struggling against the tears in eyes which may never see this church again. On this consecrated spot they took leave of the fatherland, our dear Croatia, who cannot feed her children because she is not free nor the mistress of her own money. She must let them go among strangers in order that those who remain may live, they and their children and their old people. And the old people die in peace because they have hope; the little ones shall fare better than ever they have done.

This morning all went early to confession. With God they go safer on their long journey. Toward evening they can be seen hurrying from house to

¹ Quoted in *Our Slavic Fellow Citizens*, by Professor Emily G. Balch.

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house, taking leave of those that they love. Who can say that there will ever be another meeting for them? It is very late before they have finished these visits, and the family waits for them with impatience. With impatience, how else, when this evening or rather the few hours still left are so short? This is the last supper at home. There is no going to bed, for at three they must start for the station, as the train goes at four. It is so sad to hear them driving through the village singing a song which expresses all the feelings of their sore hearts.

The saddest moment of all is the departure. The train has come, they must get on board. How many tears and sobs and kisses in our little forest and rock-bound station! Friends go with them to Fiume — all but the children and the old folks, who stay in the village alone.

In Fiume the girls buy what they need for the journey, and a little gold crucifix. That must be bought in the fatherland. So must rings, too. Often the parents buy the betrothal rings for their sons and daughters, who marry in America, and send them to them. Faith and love come from the homeland.

Finally, at the ship good-byes must be said, the last. One little girl, whose older sister was going by train to Vienna, had gone with her to Fiume. But when the train was about to go the little one flung herself down upon the ground in her distress and shrieked terribly. Every one tried to pacify her, but she pressed her little hands over her eyes to hide the

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engine from her sight, and answered, "It is easy for you to talk, but this hateful engine is robbing me of my sweet sister." She was quite ill with suffering, and they had much ado to get her away. But it is hardest for the mothers who let their daughters or their sons go.

Very late, after midnight, people come home — alone. Now come quiet tears and prayers that God may grant the travelers a safe arrival. With what anxiety and joy do they wait for the news from the agent that their dear ones have reached New York in safety. There relatives are already expecting them, and the journey can be peacefully continued in their company. Our people generally go to Michigan. In one town there are so many that our people call it "New Lipa."

The money for the journey always comes from relatives or friends to whom all is honestly repaid later. The young fellows try to save the money to bring over a young girl. When she comes to America — generally she does not know her suitor — she is married. If she is unwilling, not finding him to her liking, she must pay back the money, but it very often happens that another lad pays it for her and takes her for his wife instead.

Many girls are very fortunate in America. For instance, this very day a family is coming home. The wife was poor and ill-favored. Relatives sent her money for the journey to America, and there she married a poor and very humble sort of man. By work and saving they have got together six thou-

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sand dollars in thirteen years. They have six children and with them are now returning. In those days she was poor, ridiculed, alone; now she is well-to-do, respected, the mother of a family. The women are full of curiosity about her. At noon they were all in the street in hopes of seeing her, but in vain. She and her family are staying in Fiume and will come to-night, perhaps. My housekeeper is her godmother, and so awaits her happy godchild with much pleasure, for she is to offer her, for purchase, a large meadow which once belonged to the parents of her godchild, but which they were obliged to sell. I think that would be a very pleasant feeling, to be able to buy back again a piece of land lost in one's father's time, and to let the happy grandchildren jump and play about where once the poor grandfather worked, and whence misfortune drove him away to die.

My housekeeper, who is already sixty-five, cannot tell without crying how it used to be here in the good old days. Thirty-four years ago there was no railroad. Our splendid highway, the "Lujziane," even then a century old, saw such activity as will never return. All travel was by this road, and our people were happy because they always had the opportunity to work and to live in peace. In one house they kept ten servants, men and maids. Day and night the teams with their heavy loads were on the highway. Labor was very cheap, a man got about thirteen cents and a woman six cents a day. To be sure, they had good food besides, bread, meat, and

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wine as much as they wanted, and the children of the women servants were fed, too. The wages were low, as I have said, yet the people were contented. Some got very rich, but the poor, too, were well provided for.

Twenty years ago two men went to America from here, the first from our place to go. Now nearly half the village is in America. It is hard to till the fields, for there are no workers to be had. Whoever has strength and youth is at work in America. At home are only the old men and women, and the young wives with their children. Every wife has much to do for herself. Only poor girls work in the fields. "And they must be paid a crown (twenty cents) a day," sighs my housekeeper, and thinks of the better days of old. . . .

What especially pleases them is the respect in which workers are held in America. They are better cared for, too, mentally. They have three or four Croatian papers, they have organizations, and learn much that they bring home later. They have their priests and churches, but as yet only two Croatian schools. All is founded by the contributions of workingmen. They send a great deal home to the churches, too; they are supporting a poor man, and in 1903, when there were the disturbances in Croatia about the Hungarian flag and the Hungarian inscriptions on the railroad stations, our brothers in America sacrificed a great deal for the support of the families of those under arrest. They love Croatia dearly. Each one longs for home and wants to die

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here. We Slavs are so soft-natured. Homesickness is our disease. On account of it many Croatians cannot hold out, and return home too soon.

The talk is all of America. Our newspapers write so much what a bad thing it is for whole families to go there as they do. But it is no use. People must eat. The stones are hard. There is too little land. The Government does nothing for the good of the people. There are no factories, there is no building, no mining. So how can people live and pay taxes? And if the taxes are not paid the cow is taken from the stall, the pillows from under the head.

Only American capital could lessen the stream of emigration. Croatia is a beautiful country. Our mountains doubtless hold great treasures, but we lack the money with which to seek them. Only American capital could bring them to light. We have the beautiful sea, the lovely Plitvica lakes, and the fine district about Agram, but we cannot make use of these beauties as a rich and free people could. We have a sufficient income, but as a public man has said, "Our pockets are in the Hungarian trousers." The Hungarians have our money, and give us just enough to keep us alive. Only a free and independent nation can progress. We are like dead capital.

But we hope for our national resurrection. So many have already died in this hope. It is our ideal, our dearest one. For this Zriny and Frankopany died. The innocent blood of our best sons must at last bring us good fortune.

The Croats

Doubtless this schoolmistress, in her deep love for her native land, depicts her condition and the rule of Hungary in too gloomy a light ; but this long extract is well worth quoting, for it reveals the heart of the emigrant not only from Croatia, but from all these other lands, and the hearts of those left behind as well, as no foreigner could possibly reveal them, and it should strike a sympathetic chord in the heart of every reader. The love of home, the high patriotism, the inexorable conditions that drive the exile across the sea, the homesickness, the void left behind, the high hopes of the new home — alas! sometimes dashed, but more often fulfilled — all this is depicted in these simple but eloquent “notes.” As we look at the new arrivals, swarming to our shores at Ellis Island, or Boston, or Baltimore, we may well think that for every one, from whatever country he comes, there is something of the heart-ache and the hope revealed in these words.

XIII

THE SLOVENIANS AND THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA

Where the Slovenians come from—Where they go—A Thrifty People—A Picturesque Country—An Undiscovered Paradise—The Aspirations of the Slovenians for Liberty—A Literary Revival and the Reformation—The Curious Ancient Custom of inaugurating the Prince.

QUITE distinct from the Slovaks is another Slav race that is sending its sons to America by the ten thousand. These are Slovenians from the southwestern part of Austria. Most of them in Carinthia, Styria, and Carniola are directly under Austrian rule. A few others in Croatia-Slavonia are under the Hungarian crown, with certain autonomous powers of their own. It is difficult to know just how many Slovenians have reached America, since they are often classified as Austrians in the emigration reports; but five years ago, in 1907, a Slovenian editor estimated that there were at least one hundred thousand of them in the United States, includ-

The Slovenians

ing Alaska. Moreover, it is a cheering fact that they do not all, or indeed many of them, seek their fortune in New York or Boston or Philadelphia, but they scatter themselves throughout the Western States, as many as fifteen thousand Slovenian farmers being settled in the State of Washington, while nearly as many more have taken up farms in Minnesota, and other thousands are found in Kansas, Utah, and Colorado. They are a thrifty people, as is shown by the facts that three thousand Slovenians are in business in and near Pueblo, Colorado, and that the Slovenian farmers in Minnesota are almost uniformly prosperous. An interesting department-store item is that the largest establishment of this sort north of Chicago is owned and operated by a Slovenian, in Calumet, Michigan.

In a recent journey through the Slovenian country, I was charmed with the delightful scenery, and the picturesqueness of the villages and of the peasants in their quaint costumes. After the long railway journey over the rich but monotonous plains of Hungary,

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it was a relief to get into the hilly country of Carniola and Carinthia. Charming valleys nestled under the protection of beetling crags; sparkling brooks ran chattering down the hillsides, splendid forests clothed the mountains almost to the top, while one often obtained glimpses of rich intervalles and prosperous farms and pastures, dotted with flocks and herds, and flecked with hundreds of white geese and ducks. It seemed to me like an undiscovered Paradise, for comparatively few tourists disturb these lovely solitudes. No Cook's "personally conducted parties" invade the primitive hotels. I wondered, as the crooked railway revealed new charms every moment, that some enterprising Swiss hotel-keeper had not discovered them, and trumpeted them abroad. I know of no more delightful spots in the valleys of the Rhone or the Rhine than in the valley of the Laibach. The city of Laibach, in Carniola, the unofficial capital of the Slovenians, struck me as a peculiarly beautiful town, where I would like to settle down for a long summer holiday.

The Slovenians

As one approaches the sea in the neighborhood both of Fiume and Trieste, the country becomes more sterile, and at last absolutely hopeless, from the agricultural standpoint. Gaunt, bare granite hills rise up on every side, wind-swept and bleak. The dreadful Bora has whirled the last particle of soil from between the rocks, and the poor peasants, in order to raise a few cabbages and potatoes, must build a high wall of masonry around their little plots, which are sometimes not more than fifteen feet square.

The Slovenians, as compared with the Slovaks, are not a great people numerically, numbering only about a million and a half who speak their language; and it is interesting to know that already one Slovenian out of fifteen lives in America. It is not too much to believe that, before the end of this century, she will harbor a majority of these hardy, enterprising sons of the soil.

That Slovenes are not without aspirations for liberty and a national life of their own is shown by their various efforts to secure national independence. These uprisings were

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almost hopeless, surrounded as the people were by half a dozen nationalities far stronger than their own; but they indicate that the Slovenes have the spirit of free men, and will appreciate the blessings of a free republic.

At the period of the Reformation, a large part of the Slovene country became Protestant. But the nobles, who remained Catholic, together with most of the landed proprietors, aided by the predominant influence of the Jesuits, forced or coaxed the people back to the Mother Church again, so that now they are Roman Catholics almost to a man. As in Bohemia, the Protestant Reformation brought in its train a literary as well as a religious revival, and the Bible and other books were translated into Slovenian, a literary renaissance which has not entirely disappeared, though the people are no longer allowed to read the Bible in their own tongue.

In the Napoleonic wars much of the Slovenian country, together with Dalmatia and Croatia, was united to France for a short time, as her Illyrian provinces. But Napo-

The Slovenians

leon's star waned, and the Slovenians were obliged to return to their old allegiance.

A curious ancient custom of the Slovenes, as told by Louis Ledger in his history of Austria-Hungary, is worth recording. When a new prince was inaugurated over the Slovenians, a peasant mounted a rock to await the coming of the prince, who was dressed like a peasant. As the prince advanced, the peasant called, "Who is this who approaches?" The people answered, "It is the prince of this land." The peasant then said, "Is he a good judge? Is he the friend of truth?" On receiving a reply in the affirmative, the peasant yielded his place to the newcomer, who mounted the rock and, brandishing his sword, vowed to defend the country of the Slovenians. We may well believe that people with such blood in their veins will not disgrace their adopted country.

XIV

OUR NEIGHBORS THE SLOVAKS AT HOME

How many Slovaks in America? — An Interesting, Wholesome, Industrious People — Their Folklore — Old-fashioned Ways — Their Beautiful Costumes — Their Lack of Education — Illiteracy not the Worst Fault — The Virtues and Vices of the Slovaks — Famous for Wire- and Tin-Work — The Proverbial Honesty of the Slovak — How the Magyarizing Policy of Hungary drives the Slovaks to America.

No wonder that the average American becomes confused when trying to straighten out in his mind the nationality of the neighbors who come from that conglomerate nation, Austria-Hungary, and to differentiate the Slovaks from the Slovenians, the Czechs from the Poles, and the great dominating race of Magyars from the more numerous Slavs who share the same territory. I asked an intelligent American lady, who had traveled widely and was not unacquainted with the history and nationality of Austria-Hungary, how many Slovaks she thought there were in the United States. She hazarded the guess that there might be twenty thousand. She

The Slovaks

was only five hundred and eighty thousand out of the way, but I have no doubt her guess was quite as near the truth as would be that of most of her countrywomen, or countrymen either, for that matter. Surely a nationality with six hundred thousand representatives in the United States, a nationality that would people a city as large as Boston or Baltimore, a race that sends to the homeland some fifteen million hard-earned dollars every year, a race that sends, not its weaklings and incompetents, but the best of its brawn and muscle, its vigorous, enterprising, virtuous young men and women, is worth the sympathetic consideration of every American.

Though both are Slavs, the Slovaks must not be confounded with the Slovenians, who come from quite a different part of the Hungarian kingdom. The native habitat of the former is in the north, along the borders of the Carpathian Mountains, and not far from the Moravians and Bohemians, whom they resemble in language and customs, while the Slovenians live in the south on the border of Croatia. They have no splendid independent

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national history like their neighbors, the Bohemians and the Poles, and they are not so assertive of their individual nationality as the Magyars, to whom they are subject; but they are an interesting, wholesome, industrious people, who will add a worth-while strain of blood to our cosmopolitan nation.

Like all the Slavic races, their literature, written and oral (if we may thus speak of it), is rich in folklore, and every ruined castle (and in some parts of the Slavic country these ruins crown almost every crag) has its legend. Sometimes these legends are blood-curdling in the extreme, like the story of Csejte, where the cruel countess lived who murdered three hundred young girls, that she might bathe in their blood and thus renew her youth.

The Slovak peasants at home are neat in their personal habits, and their homes, though often very poor, are models of cleanliness. You will find the bed-coverings the special pride of the Slovaks. The feathers of nearly twenty of the plump geese which you will see in every dooryard are needed to fill only one of the great pillows, almost as large as

The Slovaks

feather beds, which are piled up on the couch often found in the living-room. Superfine are these big downy pillows in their jackets of bright cloth, covered with embroidered linen. They are evidently the joy of their owners' hearts. The old-fashioned loom has not yet disappeared from Slovak-land, or the spinning-wheel either; and spinning-bees, which are as popular as husking-bees or appleparing-bees in some parts of America, while away the long winter evenings.

It is too much to expect of a mere man that he should describe the beautiful and unique costumes of Slovak women, so I will borrow Miss Balch's description:—

Every little village has its own peculiarities of dress, so that its people are distinguishable to the initiated, and this doubtless helps to give a strong sense of local solidarity. Within the village there is the most scrupulous adherence to custom. The kerchief knotted under the chin, apparently carelessly, is in reality arranged in certain folds and at a certain angle precisely as prescribed by local usage, and in a way that is different from that of the next place.

The colors are usually harmonious and brilliant, though in some districts a wonderful effectiveness is

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gained by heavy embroidery of black and white, with no color. In many places bright-patterned stuffs, usually in large flowered designs, are attractively used for skirt, bodice, and apron. The latter is usually the show-piece in a woman's holiday costume.

The great beauty of these costumes is the embroidery, which is, indeed, with song, the chief art of the Slovak. The women do this work chiefly in the winter, when their fingers are sufficiently soft again after the field work. They are said often to embroider their patterns without first drawing them, and they work so neatly that the underside is almost as perfect as the upper. . . .

Special units of design often have special names, like the quilting patterns of our grandmothers. Many of them seem to be quite fanciful: the "lover's eye," or the "little window," may have no visible resemblance to the object named.

Girls and married women are generally distinguished, the former as a rule by their long braids, the latter by their caps, which are usually hidden, however, under the universal kerchief. Otherwise, the dress is the same from childhood to old age. If the skirts of the district are full and short, they are short for grandmother; and if long, they are long even for the toddler of three or four.

In many places the women wear very short skirts and leather boots to the knees, like a man's. At first these boots strike the stranger as unfeminine, but an experience of what mud can be here soon converts one to their good sense.

The Slovaks

Except in the matter of education, the Slovaks are among the most desirable of the newcomers to America, and even in this respect they are by no means at the foot of the ladder. Only about thirty per cent of them can neither read nor write, and illiteracy is by no means the worst of faults. An educated knave is usually a superlative knave, and an honest Slovak, who does n't know his letters, but knows the right end of a pick and shovel, and has the brawn to wield them, is worth far more to America than a lily-fingered idler who has the little learning which is a dangerous thing, that makes him unable to dig, but perhaps not ashamed to beg.

I would not paint the Slovaks in too bright colors. The love of strong drink is no doubt one of their weaknesses, and in this they are inferior to their southern neighbors of Greece and Italy, who often come in the same steerage compartment. But for their intemperate habits they are not altogether to blame. In addition to their natural love for strong fire-water, which they share with all Northern nations, every opportunity and encourage-

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ment is given them to get drunk on every possible occasion. The landed proprietor, whose land the peasant rents, is often a distiller of potato brandy as well, and is not averse to the peasant's disposing of as much of his product as possible. The Jews, who monopolize the retail liquor business, are also money-lenders, and often have the peasants in their power as creditors, and are quite willing to have them get still further into debt for their drink bill. The Government gets much of its revenue from the sale of liquor, and does not favor Blue Ribbon societies, and thoroughly disapproves of the W. C. T. U. and kindred organizations. Yet, let it not be thought that the Slovaks are a drunken race. The emigrants from Ireland, Scotland, and Holland probably consume far more hard liquor per capita than the Slovaks, and the latter are by no means unable to appreciate the arguments for temperance which are presented to them with so much cogency when they reach America.

A specialty of the Slovak artisan seems to be wire- and tin-work. For centuries, it is

The Slovaks

said, most of the tinware of Europe was made by Slovaks, and Slovak tinware factories in different parts of America are doing a flourishing business, because of the inherited skill of the workmen from the fatherland. When earthenware was more costly and consequently more precious than now, the wandering Slovak wire peddler was often called upon to mend the cracked pot, and it is said that his job was not considered workmanlike and satisfactory unless the old mended pot rang like a bell.

The honesty of the Slovaks at home is proverbial. The emigrants who wish to go to America can almost invariably obtain a loan at the bank, which is repaid within a few months. If for any reason the emigrant is unable to pay, his brothers or his relatives assume the debt. When he reaches America, the Slovak does not forget the old home. Until he is joined by his family in America, and has severed the old ties with Hungary, it is said that as a rule the Slovak sends home on an average over one hundred dollars a year. This amount is usually equal to the

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annual income of the family to which it comes, and the millions of dollars that flow back to the old home speak volumes for the generosity, the kindness, and the integrity of the Slovak emigrant.

There is constant friction between the Slav and the Magyar, and this accentuates the uneasiness of the former, and accounts for not a few of the more than half-million Slovaks in America, where they can speak their own language and freely read their own papers and books. The policy of Hungary is to Magyarize all the peoples within her boundaries. I cannot go into the justice or injustice of this effort in this connection, but it is interesting to note that, though this Magyarizing tendency of the dominant race in Hungary tends to drive many a Slovak to America, the more gentle process by which his children are Americanized in our public schools is not resented, and apparently goes on apace, from the moment he sets foot on the gangplank at Ellis Island. Not the least desirable of the newcomers who step over this gangplank are the Slovaks of Hungary.

XV

ON THE EASTERNMOST EDGE OF AUSTRIA- HUNGARY — THE BUKOWINA AND TRAN- SYLVANIA

The Varied History of the Bukowina — Its Many Rulers — At the Window of the Schwarzer Adler — The Many Sights of Czernowitz — The Dangers of Photography — Transylvania, the Switzerland of the East — An Heroic People — Stanch Protestants — The Eccentricities of the Old Nobles — A Bit of Dry Humor — Advice to the American Globe-Girdler.

THE Bukowina, though now a province of Austria, was originally a part of Transylvania, which now belongs to Hungary; so for the purposes of this book we may consider them together in the part of the work devoted to Hungary, since they are contiguous provinces, with many of the same characteristics of climate, natural scenery, productions, and people.

The seven hundred thousand people of the Bukowina were organized as a separate crown land of Austria about the middle of the last century. For two hundred and fifty

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years before 1777, when it was ceded to Austria, it was ruled by the Turk and suffered the unspeakable horrors of frequent wars, its soil often being dyed red with the blood of its sons. It is a mountainous country, with the exception of the valley of the Pruth, its chief river; and its only considerable city is Czernowitz, its capital.

Come with me to the Schwarzer Adler (the Black Eagle) in Czernowitz, and let us see what is novel and interesting from the window that overlooks the principal square of the town. Do you confess that you never heard of Czernowitz before? Yet it is a city with fine public buildings, a flourishing university, an archbishop's palace, and a history stretching back for hundreds of years.

The view from our window is peculiarly fascinating, because it reveals so many types of the *genus homo*. There is the hobble skirt of 1912 walking the street with the sheepskin coat of 1219. There is the latest obtainable Paris peach-basket hat hobnobbing with the bright plaid shawl thrown gracefully over the head, and looking a thousand times more

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beautiful and comfortable than the flaunting foreign headgear. There is a group of students with bright German corps caps, sabre scars on their cheeks, and a big dog tagging their heels. They are passing a group of barelegged peasants from the country, in woolly skin coats and caps. There are Ruthenians, Poles, Jews, Saxons, and Roumanians, the latter race probably outnumbering all the others.

The market, which is constantly in operation from early morning until midnight, is a blaze of colored costumes, highly colored fruit, and colored lamps at night. Oranges, lemons, apples, grapes, figs are displayed, while the market-women have borrowed the gold of the orange, the pink flush of the apple, and the purple of the grapes and figs with which to dye and embroider their skin coats, which are often most elaborate and costly.

There goes a primitive watering-cart, consisting of a hogshead mounted on wheels, with a long, flexible leather spout sticking out behind. As the cart is driven along the

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dusty street, a man walks behind, swinging the spout from right to left, and leaving a meagre trickle of water behind him.

If America does not know much of Czernowitz, Czernowitz is never allowed to forget America. Half a dozen steamship agencies flaunt the Stars and Stripes, and invite the passerby to take a steerage passage for the land beyond the great water. An "American House Pullman" directly opposite our hotel sells "Walkover" shoes and other familiar articles of wearing apparel, while American photographic establishments abound, where you can obtain twelve "stuck" (postage-stamp size) of your counterfeit presentment for sixty heller or twelve cents.

If you should not care to buy your pictures at the rate of a cent a copy, but wish to take photographs of the natives, you will have no easy task, for you will be besieged by a pushing, eager mob all anxious to be "took." Old market-women will peer into the finder and will pose beatifically for their pictures, until half a dozen small boys crowd in front of the lens and destroy the focus.

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So alarmed was I lest my wife, who was trying to take a picture in the market square, should be crushed by these too eager aspirants for the immortality of the camera, that I had to crowd my way through, pushing boys to right and left, until I made a path for her to escape to the hotel.

Bukowina is not by any means the least interesting part of Francis Joseph's dominions. Much of it is peopled by Roumanians, who pride themselves on being descendants of the old Roman legionaries and speaking a language more like the ancient Latin than the Italians themselves. This pride of race has received a severe shock from the researches of some modern scholars, who deny the Latin origin of the Roumanians. The compatriots of these Roumanians have established an independent kingdom of their own in the land across the border from the Bukowina. Roumania is indeed the most prosperous of all the smaller kingdoms of southeastern Europe.

Bordering on the Bukowina and also on Roumania is Transylvania, the most pic-

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turesque of all the domains of Hungary. This is the Switzerland of southeastern Europe. Here high mountains, bold granite crags; gentler hills clothed with forests to their top, rushing streams, feathery waterfalls make the region of the Carpathians exceedingly attractive. They only need to be better known, and to have more and better hotels, to rival the most celebrated mountain resorts in the world.

Transylvania has played no mean part in the history of Europe. Like the adjoining parts of Hungary, her task was to repel the hordes of Turks who were constantly crossing her borders and ravaging her fair territory. Since the Transylvanians were the nearest neighbors of the Turks, they had to bear the brunt of the battle, and right bravely did they stand, time and time again, between the rest of Europe and the terrible armies of the Mussulmans, while Germany, Austria, and France looked on in apathetic selfishness. All Hungary was engaged in this centuries-long conflict of Christian against Moslem, but she had to look at times to Tran-

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sylvania for her leaders. The Transylvanians were staunch Protestants after the Reformation, and when Ferdinand II inherited the crowns of Bohemia and Hungary, and began to persecute the Bohemian Protestants, the Hungarians elected a brave Transylvanian noble, Bethlen Gabor, as their king. He flew to the rescue of Bohemia; but when at the disastrous battle of the White Mountain the Bohemians were overwhelmingly defeated, Bethlen Gabor had to give up the crown of Hungary and retreat to the fastnesses of Transylvania.

We are told that the old Transylvanian nobles were a class by themselves, retaining their old feudal customs long after the rest of Europe had given them up. Some of them reveled in their eccentricities. There are stories of an old noble who was found dressed in ancient Magyar clothes, drilling a flock of geese as though they were soldiers. Another was accustomed to camp out in his park in summer, striking his tents in the morning and pitching them again at night; while yet another of whom we have heard, who wished

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to keep his guest for a longer visit, had the wheels of the guest's carriage taken off and hung up in a high tree, where only a certain gypsy could climb to get them down. The gypsy was then sent out of town, and the enforced visit of the guest was continued.

The dry humor of the old Magyar nobles of Transylvania is illustrated by a story told by Mr. Colquhoun in his book, "The Whirlpool of Europe." One of these nobles, though rich, was noted for his shabby clothes. On one occasion a young farmer, desiring another farmhand and seeing this shabby old man, cried out, "Hi! old man, do you want some work?" The old man nodded assent. "Well, you can come along to-morrow and look after some sheep. Bring any of your bits of things or animals with you; there's plenty of room on my farm." The next day, as the young farmer walked across his fields, he saw a cloud of dust coming up the road. Presently there emerged from it a herd of cows, horses, and sheep, hundreds of animals with their drovers. This cavalcade swept past the astonished man, and behind it was a



KRONSTADT, THE CAPITAL OF TRANSYLVANIA



THE MARKET SQUARE OF KRONSTADT

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huge wagon, creaking and groaning, laden with heavy furniture, in front of which sat his shabby acquaintance of the day before. "You told me to bring my animals and bits of things," said the old man; "and there they are."

While the chief landed proprietors of Transylvania are Magyars and Saxons, the bulk of the population are Roumanians, and from their ranks go largely the emigrants to America. Of the one hundred and sixty-seven thousand emigrants from Hungary in a single recent year, seven eighths of whom went to the United States, about one sixth, or nearly thirty thousand, spoke the Roumanian language. That this people has large capacity for self-rule, and that they will prosper wherever they take root, is shown by the extremely flourishing condition of Roumania as compared with many of her neighbors.

Brasso (or Kronstadt, as the Germans call it), the chief town of Transylvania, is a bright and enterprising little city, most beautifully situated, with fine mountains to the east, and the interminable rich plains of Hungary

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stretching to the west as far as Budapest. I would advise the American globe-girdler, who is seeking for new worlds to conquer, to spend a summer in Transylvania. He will find no more charming scenery and no more hospitable and likable people, no more genuinely primitive and interesting life and customs, in the five continents than among the Carpathians of Transylvania.

XVI

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE DUAL MONARCHY

The Sameness of Great Cities — Emigrants largely from the Country — The Cities of Austria-Hungary of Especial Interest — Cracow, Lemberg, Kronstadt, and Innsbruck, with their Interesting Peculiarities — Vienna, the Royal City — A City of Musicians — The Beautiful Church of St. Stephen — The Wonders of the Imperial Treasury — The Ring-Strasse and its Public Buildings — The Capital of Bohemia — The Whirligigs of Time — Where the Bohemian Nobles were executed — The Karls-Brücke and its Sixteen Arches — An Interesting Burying-Ground — The Apostles' Clock, and its Curious Story — The Three Finest Cities in Europe — Budapest, the City of Palaces — A City little known in America — A Hungarian Testimony to American Life — The Magnificent Bridges of Budapest — The Regalia of the Royal Palace — An Italian City on Austrian Soil — A City that looks toward America — Starting for the New World — What awaits the Emigrant beyond the Seas.

THIS book has little to do with the cities of Austria-Hungary, for its principal object is to acquaint the reader with the countries that make up the Dual Empire, their history, and the many races who inhabit them. To study the racial characteristics of a people, it is well-nigh useless to go to their great cities, since the leading capitals of the Western world seem

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to be run in one mould,—the same types of streets, largely the same kinds of buildings, public and private; the same street-cars going clanging through the paved thoroughfares; through the same kinds of tunnels one dives down into the bowels of the earth; the same kind of gas and electricity lights these streets; the same great water mains and sewers provide for the health and comfort of the people.

It is to the country that we must go to find the peculiar characteristics which differentiate one land from another. It is almost exclusively, too, from the country districts that the emigrants have come to our American seaports. Fortunate it is for America that her levy of new citizens has come from the country lanes rather than from the city streets of Austria-Hungary, for better brain and better brawn, better morals and more wholesome habits are found among country than city emigrants.

However, it is of interest, perhaps, to write briefly of some of the greater cities of the empire. There are many of especial interest

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that are little known to Americans who study at home, or for that matter equally unknown to the American tourist,—cities like Cracow, with its wealth of historic lore, the city where Copernicus was educated, where Peter Vischer wrought, and where scores of less distinguished men, who have blessed their day and generation, have flourished.

Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, is scarcely less interesting from the historic or from the modern point of view. Of Zara we have spoken in another chapter. Kronstadt, or Brasso, as it is called by the Hungarians, is a beautiful little city of Transylvania, almost in the heart of the Carpathians. Debreczen, the great Protestant centre of Hungary, the city of all others most hospitable to Kossuth and his doctrines and where he proclaimed the independence of Hungary, is another interesting city. With its wide streets, its beautiful churches, its university, and its public buildings, it would match, for substantial elegance, any city of its size in America.

On the other side of the Dual Empire is Innsbruck, perhaps the most charmingly sit-

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uated large town in Europe. The Hofkirche, with its twenty-eight statues of kings and queens and emperors that surround the great marble monument of Emperor Maximilian, is worth crossing the ocean to see. These twenty-eight potentates were the contemporaries and ancestors of Maximilian, and represent the monarchs of all the great countries of Europe. One could study history to admirable advantage if he could spend a whole summer holiday in the Hofkirche of Innsbruck. All these statues were cast by men of talent, the best artists in bronze of their time, Stephen Godl, Gregor Löffler, and others; but two were made by Peter Vischer, the great artist of Nuremberg, and they stand out among all the others, even to the eye of the inexperienced layman in matters artistic, as finer than all the rest. These are the statues of King Arthur of England and of "Theodoric the Good." The splendid pose of King Arthur, the strong, graceful, and easy way in which he stands upon his legs, and looks out under the visor of his bronze helmet, impresses the most careless

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tourist. The other great statue in the Hofkirche of Innsbruck is that of Theodore the Good. He is not so heroic a figure as some of the others. His coat of mail is not so heavy. His jeweled decorations are not so gorgeous. His titles are not so numerous, or his list of battles and victories so long; but he stands out in proud preëminence among all the twenty-eight kings and queens as "the Good." All of them are "Majesties," some of them are dubbed "the Great," but Theodore alone is called "the Good."

The great cities of Austria-Hungary, from the standpoint of population, are, in the order named, Vienna, Budapest, Prague, and Trieste. Vienna is truly a royal city, and since the beginning of the Christian era has played a great part in the history of the world. The Romans seized the ancient Celtic settlement which was here established just before the birth of Christ. Here Marcus Aurelius died, toward the end of the second century. Here Charlemagne ruled, and Frederick Barbarossa. During the Crusades, Vienna was a halting-place for the knights, and an

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important centre for their operations. For more than six hundred years past, Vienna has been the seat of the Hapsburg Dynasty, since in 1276 Rudolph of Hapsburg defeated Ottokar of Bohemia. More than once Vienna was besieged by the Turks, who insolently set up their battering-rams under its very walls; and here they were defeated in one of the world's greatest battles by John Sobieski, Poland's greatest king.

But all the memories of Vienna are not warlike, for here some of the greatest musicians of the world have had their home. Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven the Viennese are proud to rank among their former citizens, and some of the world's well-known architects and artists have also made this city their home. The principal business street boasts the rather lugubrious name of the Graben, or Grave, for it was formerly the deep moat which surrounded the fortifications of the twelfth century. This was afterwards filled up, and has become one of the most lively and attractive shopping streets of Europe.

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The Church of St. Stephen is surpassed for size and beauty, or historic interest, by very few cathedrals in the world. In spite of its exceedingly gloomy interior, when the eyes become accustomed to the dim religious light, they find architectural and artistic treasures such as are found in few other cathedrals, while the view from the tower, looking off over the historic battle-fields of Lobau, Wagram, and Essling, recalls the bad, brave days of old, when fighting was more the world's business than it is to-day.

The museums, libraries, and treasure-chambers of Vienna cannot be exhausted by any hasty visit or brief description. In the Imperial Treasury alone are found a multitude of articles of absorbing historic interest. The crown of Charlemagne, for instance, as well as his swords, his coronation robe, his girdle, and his book of the gospels; the imperial jewels, one of which alone is valued at three hundred thousand dollars, would interest the average traveler, while the scholar and the archæologist would find more to his liking in the Imperial Museums. Here are

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magnificent prehistoric collections from the flint period and the bronze age, and an ethnographical collection that embraces all the ancient nations of the world. The Zoölogical Museum would delight the student of natural history, and a wonderful Art History Museum, which perhaps surpasses all the others in importance, is found in this impressive old city. Here the student of history and antiquities would be particularly interested in the so-called salt-cellar of Benvenuto Cellini, a remarkable table ornament of pure gold, made by the great artist for Francis I of France. Here, too, is a rock-crystal goblet, from which Philip the Good of Burgundy drank the wine of his native vineyards. The night-gear, so-called, of the Empress Maria Theresa, embracing her toilet articles, breakfast service, and so forth, are some of the treasures of the Art History Museum.

The Ring-Strasse is, on the whole, the most famous and interesting street of Vienna. It is nearly two hundred feet in width, remarkable in that respect among the streets of the Old World; but it is a modern street in an

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ancient city, for it was constructed only about fifty years ago on the site of the old ramparts, and now completely encircles the city. On this famous street are splendid public buildings, like the Exchange, the University, the Houses of Parliament, and the Palace of Justice.

In this magnificent city Emperor Francis Joseph I has held sway for more than sixty years, occasionally spending a few days at Budapest in a palace even more magnificent than his favorite home in Vienna. It is a source of considerable irritation to the Hungarians that their king spends so little time in their capital, though they have built for him perhaps the finest palace, certainly the one that has the grandest site, of any in Europe.

Something over two hundred miles from Vienna is Prague, the capital of Bohemia. Here we find ourselves in a totally different atmosphere. In Vienna German is spoken largely, and one could easily imagine himself in one of the great capitals of the German

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Empire. In Prague it would be impossible to make any such mistake, for if you should address a man on the street in German, he would very likely pretend that he did not understand you, and would require an interpreter if you were not facile with your Bohemian. Here, too, we find a great, prosperous city of intense historic interest. This was the early home of martyrs, heroes, scholars, and statesmen. It was once the centre of the greatest Protestant power in Europe. Its streets have more than once been soaked with the blood of the wise and the good.

Under an ancient powder tower, rich in curious carvings, we pass from the "new city," which is only five hundred years old, to the "old city," which is more than twice as ancient; and at once we are in the midst of historic events that stir our blood. There is the old Council House, where in 1621 the twenty-one Protestant nobles of Bohemia were led out to martyrdom; and there is the public square where one by one, throughout a long summer's day, they were beheaded. There in the same Council House is the

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little low, white-washed cell, in which one cannot stand upright, where they spent their last night on earth in prayer and the singing of joyful psalms; and on the great Charles Bridge, near by, for ten years, their heads were displayed in an iron cage as a terrible warning to all "heretics." But such are the whirligigs of time, the city authorities of to-day are debating the question of erecting in the very centre of this same square a great monument to John Huss, the chief heretic and reformer of 1621.

In the old Council House where the Protestant nobles were imprisoned on their last night on earth, a great and noble painting, representing John Huss before King Sigismund and the Council of Constance, is the chief ornament. There stands John Huss, the most striking figure on the wonderful canvas, pale and emaciated, to be sure, but resolute still, standing before his enemies who are pronouncing sentence upon him, and saying in every lineament of his firm and noble face, "I cannot recant, so help me God!"

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The chief street of Prague is also called the Graben, and like the street of the same name in Vienna was formerly the moat surrounding the citadel.

The Karls-Brücke across the Moldau rests on sixteen arches, while many statues and groups of saints adorn the buttresses of the bridge. The sixteenth of May is a great day on the Charles Bridge, for on that day a great multitude of pilgrims, numbering many thousands, flock thither, and especially to the site where a slab of marble marks the exact place where St. John Nepomuc, the patron saint of Bohemia, was thrown into the river more than six hundred years ago, by order of Wenceslas IV, because he would not tell what the Empress had confided to him in the confessional. The legend tells us that his body floated down the Moldau for a long time, with five brilliant stars suspended over it, marking its passage.

Another interesting place which every traveler visits is the old Jewish Burying-Ground. These venerable moss-grown stones, covered with Hebrew characters, mark the



THE CHARLES BRIDGE, PRAGUE

With the Hradschin, or Citadel, containing the Palaces, the
Cathedral, etc., in the Distance



KARLSTEIN, OLD CASTLE NEAR PRAGUE

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last resting-places of many a distinguished son of Abraham. On some of the stones are symbols that tell of the tribe to which the deceased belonged, a pitcher designating the tribe of Levi, two hands the sons of Aaron, and so on. On many of the graves we find piles of small stones, which we learn were placed there, as tokens of respect and affection, by the descendants of those who lie beneath the mound. Close by is one of the oldest synagogues in the world, which tradition tells us was built by the first Jews who escaped from Jerusalem after its final destruction. Of course it has been rebuilt more than once since that ancient day, even if the tradition is correct; and it cannot boast to-day of much beauty to match its historic interest.

Perhaps the object that excites the most present-day interest in Prague is the Apostles' Clock in the tower of the Council House. Once an hour an expectant throng gathers on the sidewalk opposite the Council House; and, when the moment arrives, a skeleton representing Father Time takes hold of a

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cord, which he pulls with his grim and bony hand, thus ringing a bell. Then two little windows of stained glass mysteriously slide open, and life-sized figures of the apostles appear. Matthew, John, and all the rest are seen first at the left-hand window. They turn squarely around, and look up and down the street. Then each passes to the second window, turns squarely around once more, looks up and down the street again, and passes on out of sight. The twelve follow in solemn silence, while skeleton Time tolls the bell. Last of all comes Peter, whereupon a cock, which is roosting over the apostles' windows, flaps his wings, and utters a lugubrious crow. The windows close upon the scene, and all is still again for another hour, when the apostles and the skeleton and the rooster go through with the same performances for another gaping crowd.

For a curious story connected with this old clock, that well illustrates the barbarism of those cruel days, I am indebted to an old-time resident of Prague, who vouches for its substantial accuracy. Before Colum-

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bus discovered America this clock was built, and even then was the wonder and pride of the city. The skilled mechanic that set it going was induced to build another just like it for a rival city. This greatly angered the Pragueites, who wanted a monopoly of apostle clocks of that sort. So what did they do but catch the inventor and builder, and put out both his eyes, so that he could never make another clock. But this blind Samson, like him of old, had his revenge. He asked to be taken once more to his loved clock, that he might feel of its curious machinery and say a last fond farewell to his handiwork. Such a reasonable request could hardly be denied, even by the savages who lived in Prague five centuries ago. So the clockmaker was led up into the tower, and he was allowed to take hold once more of the beloved machinery. As soon as he had firmly grasped it, with one tremendous wrench he tore cogs and wheels and balances apart, and in an instant it was a hopeless wreck. There was no other man in the world who could repair the damage; the blind clockmaker

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alone knew the secret of the mechanism, and for a hundred years it stood idle and useless, a monument to the folly and jealousy of Prague. At length, after several generations, a clockmaker was born skillful enough to repair the damage of the blind inventor; and ever since the old clock has been in charge of this man and his descendants, who to-day have a fine jewelry and watchmakers' shop on a corner opposite the Council House, and they alone know the secret of the mechanism of the Apostles' Clock. A similar story is told of more than one other clock in Europe, but all the legends of the sort started, I imagine, from the Apostles' Clock in the tower of the Council House of Prague, an object which excites more present-day interest than any other one thing in the city.

In Prague, too, there is an Imperial Palace, which has been occupied by many a historic family of the ancient kings of Bohemia, but is seldom honored in these days by a visit from Emperor Francis Joseph.

Before leaving Prague, we should in im-

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agination ascend the White Hill, some three miles to the west of the city, where on the 8th of November, 1620, as we have seen in another chapter, the fatal battle was fought which decided the fate of Protestantism in Bohemia, as well as the liberties of the people for many succeeding generations.

It would surprise many of my readers, perhaps, if I should say that, were I asked to choose the three finest cities in Europe, possibly in the world, I should name Stockholm, Geneva, and Budapest; and the greatest of these (the largest, at least) is Budapest. To be sure, Paris and London and Berlin and Vienna are larger, but none of them has the superb situation of these three cities: Stockholm on its impetuous river flowing into the lovely Malar near by; Geneva spanning the Rhone, skirting its wonderful lake and nestling at the foot of the Alps; Budapest on a more lordly river still, the mighty Danube, flowing through the very heart of the double city, Buda on the one side and Pesth on the other, spanned by some of the noblest bridges in the world, while magnificent palaces, ca-

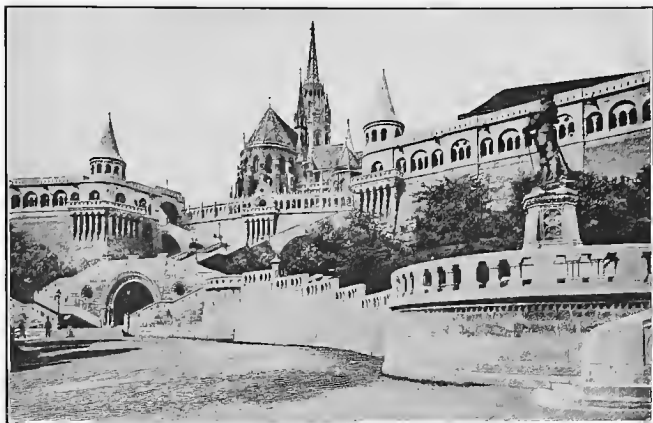
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thedrals, and parliament buildings climb the high banks on either side.

Genoa is called the "City of Palaces," and to Venice the name is sometimes applied; but by right in these days the name belongs rather to Budapest, for Genoa's palaces are dingy and gloomy, Venice's are moth-eaten and rust-corrupted, while Budapest's (and she has more than either of them) are fresh and bright and unstained by time.

I like these three cities, too, because they have few visible slums. There are poor people in them, of course, but little grinding, ragged, filthy, leprous squalor, such as is found in many of the world's great capitals. This is the more remarkable in Budapest, since it ranks as one of the world's largest cities, with well on to a million inhabitants, and in all great aggregations of men we expect to find hopeless, wretched poverty.

"Where are your slums?" I said to a leading citizen of Budapest. "We have none," he replied; and so far as I could see he was right. Everywhere are broad streets, lined with substantial and often elegant buildings,



THE BASTION OF BUDAPEST ON THE BUDA SIDE OF
THE DANUBE



THE FRANCIS JOSEPH BRIDGE, BUDAPEST



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to which the word "palace," if we do not confine it strictly to the residence of royalty, might apply. The curious and beautiful Hungarian architecture, which makes much of brilliant tiling and terra-cotta effects, adds much to the charm of the city, which is constantly surprising one with some new and unexpected architectural delight.

In the matter of up-to-date comforts, and especially electric appliances, Budapest leads all European cities. It is sometimes called "the electric city," and deserves the name. It is brilliantly lighted by electricity, with telephones at every corner; and the electric cars run swiftly through the clean, well-paved streets, and so frequent are the cars that one does not have to "hold on by his eyelids" to keep his place; while the well-ventilated, white-tiled subway that underlies the great city antedated by several years the underground roads of which Boston and New York are justly so proud.

I have dwelt upon these material aspects of Budapest the Beautiful because I think the city and the country of which it is the

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capital are not known in America as they should be. Several Hungarians complained to me of this, and not without reason. "Many Americans," said one leading statesman, "think Hungary is a province, and not a province of Austria even, but of Germany! This is too much." While I do not think that educated Americans are so ignorant of Hungary, yet it is undoubtedly true that few of us realize what a great, free, independent, proud-spirited, progressive nation is holding one of the outposts of high civilization in southeastern Europe, having rescued one of the fairest countries in the world from Mohammedanism and consequent barbarity.

That America is not any better understood in Hungary than Hungary is in America is shown by a remarkable pamphlet recently published by the secretary to the Hungarian Board of Agriculture, Hon. Joseph Németh, who not long ago made extensive travels in America in connection with his department of state. The following was kindly translated for me by Mr. Németh himself: —

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Having associated with several leaders of the American commonwealth, having further come into direct contact with several phases of social life, I found that those plutocratic and commercial vices, from a consideration of which our opinion of America is formed, are only bubbles upon the surface of a mighty river, and those signs of political and administrative corruption which present such an invidious picture of American public life are only the thin mud strata that lie at the bottom. Between them rolls the mighty tide of the great river, ever increasing in volume, holding within its bosom those greater potentialities of a nation's life. To demonstrate the correctness of these opinions it will be sufficient to append the description of two American social institutions, *i.e.*, the Christian Endeavor Society and the Young Men's Christian Association.

Then for several pages this Hungarian statesman gives the history, growth, and principles of the Endeavor movement. It is as gratifying as it is rare to find our country judged abroad by such standards and such institutions. Too many foreigners and foreign papers say and print all the mean and discreditable things they can about the United States: every murder, horrible lynching, celebrated divorce case, and awful railway accident, for the sake of making our country

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an awful example to all prospective emigrants.

Next to Vienna, Budapest is by far the largest city of the Dual Empire, with a population of nearly a million. As I have intimated, it gives one the impression of being perhaps the most up-to-date city in Europe. The mighty Danube, spanned by its magnificent bridges, and the great public buildings, especially the Houses of Parliament and the Imperial Palace, are the striking features of the capital of Hungary. It is the most modern in its appearance of any of the great cities of Europe, and though it was a Roman colony two thousand years ago, it is as new in many of its sections as Omaha or Chicago. Indeed, it was only in 1872 that the towns of Pesth and Buda were united in the one great city. Buda, on the right of the surging Danube, is the city of the royal palace and of many beautiful private buildings; Pesth, on the left of the river, contains the Parliament buildings, the Academy, the National Museum, and the chief business streets of the city. These streets are lined on either side

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by some of the finest commercial houses to be found in any part of the world, and here can be obtained everything to eat, drink, or wear that the remotest nations can furnish.

In the midst of the Danube, between the two parts of the united city, is a lovely island, Margareten-Insel by name, a beautiful pleasure-ground for the people of all classes and conditions. The six bridges that cross the Danube give a distinction to the city, and are never forgotten by the traveler who has once seen them. The Suspension Bridge, perhaps, is the most striking of all, being over twelve hundred feet in length and one hundred and twenty feet broad, while at each end are two magnificent colossal lions in enduring granite.

To every Hungarian the regalia in the royal palace are of especial interest, for here is the crown of St. Stephen, a relic of majesty more revered than any other crown in the world. It is guarded day and night by soldiers, is never shown to visitors, but once a year, on St. Stephen's Day, the crown is carried in solemn procession through the streets.

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Since the present city of Budapest is comparatively modern, one does not expect to find so many objects of historic interest as in other cities, but these are by no means altogether wanting. The Matthias-Kirche, which dates back to the thirteenth century, reminds us of the bitter days of the fightings with the Turks, for it was turned into a mosque during the Turkish domination, and when they were driven out it was restored to its ancient use as a Christian church. Here King Francis Joseph and Queen Elizabeth were crowned in 1867, when the right of Hungary to be a separate kingdom was at last conceded by her neighbor Austria. There are other churches and buildings that date back to the pre-Turkish times, but the chief characteristics of Budapest are of modern interest, the life that pulsates through its streets, the commerce that plies up and down its magnificent river and beneath its splendid bridges, the schools, and the great university. These are all of modern date, but they tell us of the virility, the prowess, and the greater future glories of the Hungarian nation.

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One other city of the Dual Monarchy should be mentioned, because it is the city from which the great majority of the emigrants who are seeking new homes in America leave their old home in Europe. Have you ever read Howells's delightful story, "The Lady of the Aroostook"? If you have, you remember that this charming lady sailed on the ship Aroostook from Boston for Trieste, or "Try-East," as the captain pronounced it. The political, civil, and domestic life of the United States will be affected not a little by the men, women, and children who start from the wharves of Trieste for the New World across the great ocean. Trieste may well be compared to Liverpool, Hamburg, Bremen, Antwerp, and Naples as a recruiting-station for the new American. It is worth while, then, to know something about this city at the other end of the eighteen days' steam-ferry that plies between the United States and Austria.

Trieste is at the very top of the Adriatic Sea, nearly opposite to Venice, on the Austrian coast, and is Austria's only great sea-

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port. It is charmingly situated, too, the rugged granite hills encompassing it around on every side but one, while the usually peaceful waters of the Adriatic lave its shores on the only side that the hills do not guard. I say "usually peaceful," for the Adriatic can be as turbulent as any stretch of ocean blue; and when the Bora sweeps down over the granite hills to the north, let the mariner and the landsman alike beware; for it can blow a ship from its moorings, or overturn a loaded car on the railroad track.

As we wind down the steep descent from the plains of Istria and Carniola, we see fields so stony and barren as to make the rockiest New Hampshire hillside farm look like a fertile oasis. Little patches of soil that could be covered by a good-sized sheet are encircled by a high stone wall, and the railway in the most exposed places is defended by great masses of masonry from the dreaded Bora and the rocks and soil that he sends flying in every direction. One can get from this some idea of what "Boreas," who figures so largely in the classics, must have

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meant to the ancients who lived on this coast. But Boreas does not often blow; and while we were in Trieste, though it was early December, the weather was mild and gentle.

The present city of Trieste would be pronounced by the archæologist as "distressingly modern"; yet there has been a town here since early Roman times; and all the stern Dalmatian coast, clear down to the edge of Montenegro, is full of attractions, either for the lover of the past, who would find plenty of most interesting ruins, or for the lover of the present, who would find plenty of interesting men and women and boys and girls.

One singular thing about the city is that it is virtually an Italian city on Austrian soil. It is hard to realize when in Trieste that one is not actually in Italy, whose boundary, to be sure, is but a few miles distant. Italian signs greet one over the shop-doors. Italian waiters serve Italian food at the restaurants. Italian newsboys in shrill tones cry Italian newspapers on the streets. The women dress in the gay colors of their sisters across the border, and the whole city has the life and

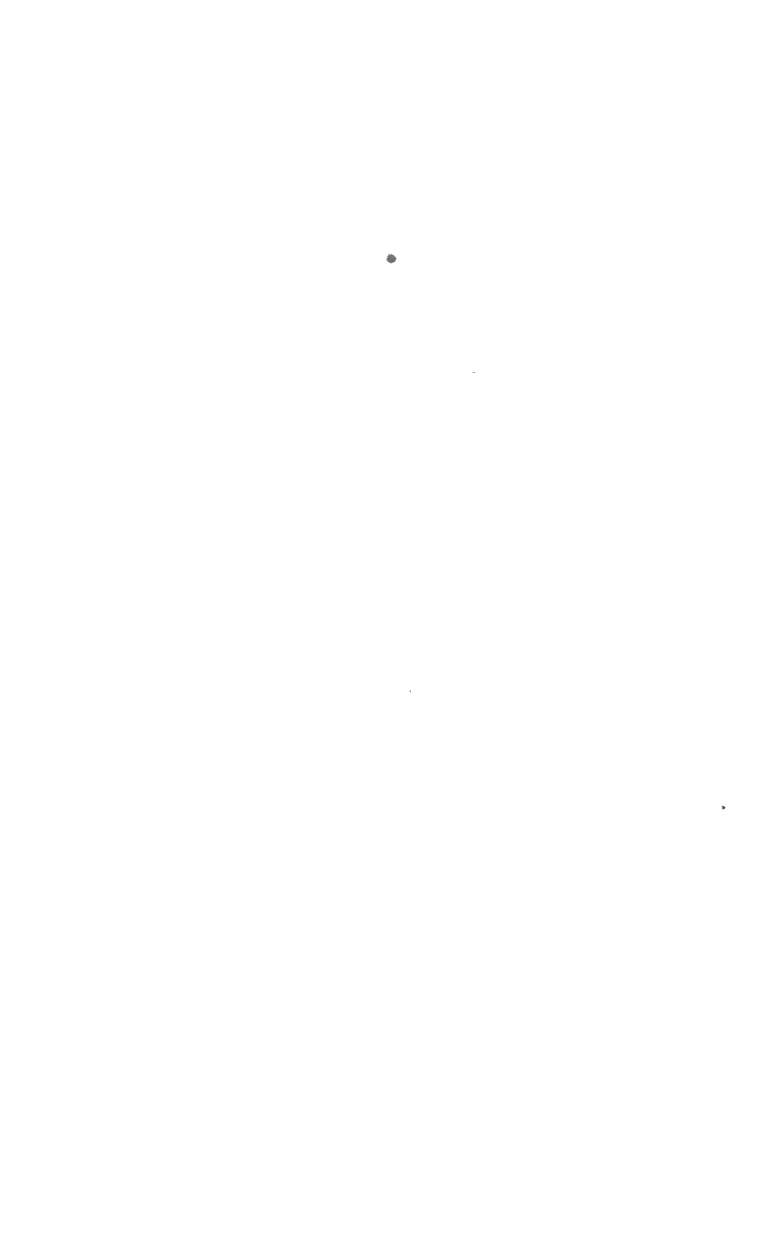
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gayety of a town of the long peninsula. You can realize that you are in Austria only when you see in the post-office and other public buildings the benign face of the aged emperor, Francis Joseph, looking down at you, or looking up at you, perhaps, from the postage-stamp you have just stuck on the right-hand upper corner of the home letter.

But we are more interested in the people who are just leaving Trieste on one of the weekly steamers for America, for they are to be our brothers and sisters in a peculiar and special sense. They have been collected from all parts of the Austrian Empire and from the Balkan States by the industrious steamship agents; and here they are in Trieste, all ready to try their fortunes in the new land, which they have been assured flows with milk and honey for all comers. What a motley crowd they are, as they wait patiently on the dock for permission to go aboard the steamer! They are mostly in their poor best, and their best is poor enough. There is a mother with almost as many in her train as John Rogers is credited with when he went



GRAND CANAL, TRIESTE



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to the stake — “nine small children and one at the breast.” There is a buxom belle from Herzegovina, who is already beginning to cast sheep’s-eyes at a swain from Croatia who will be her fellow passenger on the long voyage to America. How many matches must be made in the steerage during these voyages! Let us hope that they will be made in heaven as well as in the steerage, that they will be all love-matches, and that the fellow voyagers will “live happily ever after.” For my part I think they are quite as likely to do so as if the match were made in a fashionable ballroom.

Over yonder on the wharf is a group of sturdy young men, brawny and beefy; not over-intellectual, to be sure; but they will help build many a railway and turn many a sod on the virgin fields of our Western prairies. Here and there we see an old man or woman going out with the young folks, but there are very few older than forty in the throng. And what baggage they have to start life with in the New World! Scarcely one trunk among them all. They can carry their worldly possessions on their backs, and toil-

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somely they lug them up the steep gangway to the ship's deck. Here is a man with one of Mr. Rockefeller's big, square, tin oil-cans, the most useful of all receptacles in the Eastern world, and in it are his Lares and Penates. There is another with what looks like a bale of rags; but, if we could get at the heart of it, we should doubtless find under the rags a tin plate and cup and knife and spoon, and a few, a very few, articles of clothing. Another man cherishes a big milk-can as one of his treasures, while the dude of the party carries a genuine though second-hand American suit-case.

We traveled with these future fellow citizens for about two days from Trieste to Patras, and, on the whole, I was glad to see them face toward America. For the most part they were sober, hardy, patient sons of the soil. We need them, and they need America. I would not keep them out if I could.

What futures await them? Who can tell? What disillusionments when they find that in America, too, they must work, and work

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hard, for all they get! What hard treatment in some cases from hard masters! But some will come to the top, where there is always room for the emigrant, from whatever land he hails. Some of them or their children will be our future lawyers and doctors and ministers and merchants and millionaires. Some of them or their children will find their way to the governor's chair, or perhaps will don the Senator's toga. Who can tell?

One thing is certain; they represent not so much America's peril as America's opportunity. Not education alone will save them and save America, as some think. Their children are sure to get an education of some sort. But education and Christianity together, the school and the church, will make this conglomerate mass from a dozen nations worthy citizens of the land of Washington and Lincoln. God grant that our churches and our schools may not fail in their part of this great task!

THE END

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